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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO EMMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore let the farmer give his corn; the miner a gem; the sailor coral and shells; the painter his picture, and the poet his poem."

Were I, Sweet,
In very truth,
Such a Poet
As thy youth,
(Bright with hope
Of coming years
Shaded hardly yet
By fears,)
Needs to sing
A roundelay
Fitted for
Thy natal day.

I would weave
A chaplet rare,
Meet to deck
Thy sunny hair.
Pearls of Thought
Should there be strung,
Diamond sparks
Of Wit among.
Flowers of Posey
Should rest
On thy fair
And gentle breast.

But around me
As I sing,
Memories sad
Are clustering.
And in truth, Dear,
I can say
Little worthy
Of thy day.
Only loving,
At thy feet,
Pour my tender
Wishes, Sweet.

Nov. 14th, 1866. CLARA VON MOSCHZISKER.

HEARTS ERRANT.

This was just the tone of Olive's mind as she lay back with closed eyes against the cushions of the railway-carriage on the journey back to Armytage Hall. Miss Ursula, from the opposite corner, watched the lines of the little pale face settle into a sweet peacefulness, and was very earnestly thankful. She had seen how, since Miss Hetty's unconscious lesson, the hard, bitter look which had once been such pain and grief to her had softened to a gentler phase; but she also saw that the battle was not yet fought out—that victory and peace were yet a long way off. That they would be reached she had felt sure—but when? Miss Ursula understood enough of the high, resolute spirit to know that it would never yield—that it must win or—. Miss Ursula marked a sharpening of the delicate features, an ominous transparency of the complexion, which suggested the alternative to her, and sent a cold thrill of fear through her veins. Of such natures were martyrs made, she recognized.

But the strain was relaxed just in time. He was gone, and the struggle dropped. After the first sick pain of the parting—a pain which was more a sympathetic suffering for *him* than for herself—Olive was conscious of a sudden lull in the storm which had so long beaten upon her—of a restful calm taking the place of wild tumult. It was like the first throb of returning health through a sick frame to feel how the fresh country air came to her cheek, balmy sweet, as in the old time, before it and everything had lost its sweetness for her. The moon rose over the green meadows as the train stole into them out of the gloomy piles of brick and mortar through which its path had first lain, for Claris, busied in shopping, had caused them to miss the six o'clock train, so that the long, lingering summer's day had come to a close ere they left the station on their homeward way; and Olive felt, with a thrill of delight, that the power to rejoice in Nature's loveliness had come back to her. She was not enough experienced in sorrow to know that the wounds into which this balm can be poured are set for healing; but it was with an exquisite gladness that she looked out upon the silver light shimmering amongst the dewy leaves, and felt that the beauty of that moonlit scene brought no aching pain with it. It was lovely to lie back, and let all the peace and rest it represented steal into her soul. It might not last—nay, it would not, she knew that, for there is this quality about a great shock of sorrow, that we never fully trust Life again after it. The ground which has once opened at our feet may be broken up again quite as suddenly, so we tread daintily for ever afterwards. But the youth to which the trouble had been so strong and bitter, took this blessed respite with just the same intense handling. The colors of life are so vivid to youth!

It would not be easy, perhaps, to define the cause of this sudden lightening of her burden. Gerald's absence could not bring back the trust which he had blighted; there had not yet been time for it to loosen the tenacious hold of the love which, to her shame and grief, she had found surviving the wreck of all else. A commoner mind than Olive's might have hoped something from such a separation and delay, but to Olive's there was nothing left to hope. It was, perhaps, the cessation of daily struggle and trial which had set the spirit free. The first blow had fallen and was over; nothing could ever bring back to life what that blow had killed; but the harassing, continual warfare was always going on. Whilst he remained before her eyes it must always go on. How all her true and honest nature had risen up sometimes against the specious deceptions, the brilliant, charming, acted lies of which she must needs be the witness. How hard it had been to sit by and hear and see how all this, which was so false, was believed in and accepted—how it riveted faster and firmer the slavish chains which Claris had found it convenient to throw around her victim—how her own truth had suffered in being compelled to acquiesce in and sanction such falseness! How could her woman's nature betray another woman, and yet how could her honor and her truth bear to see such things and be silent? There is an instinct in such cases which tells us how little speech will avail, and that we who dare to raise our voices to denounce the treachery will only bring down upon ourselves the contumely which we, at least, have not deserved. There is nothing for it but to leave the captives to hug their chains—the infatuated dreamers to dream on.

Well, all this was over, and when Olive awoke next morning the world seemed all before her. Her heart gave a great bound, as a returned exile's might do at sight of the well-remembered shore, when she raised the blind of her window and saw the full-risen morning lying splendid on the green lawns, and a high festival of summer glory celebrating itself in light and bloom, in choral bursts and murmuring symphonies, in all the grand material of Nature's jubilees.

And this beautiful world had come back to her—she must take possession, as it were, of it. No one but herself was stirring in the house as she stole down-stairs and out through the long library window—greatly to the dismay of a yawning housemaid, who found it unfastened half-an-hour later—and made her way through rhododendron groves faint with sweetness, brilliant with blossom, into the lanes and meadows where young Summer laughed and frolicked like a happy, careless child. Holding her straw hat in her hand that she might lose none of the balmy freshness of the morning, she wandered on, without choosing her path, through dewy dingles "sweet with greenness," past copses full of wild-flowers and woods of young leaves where the sunlight played at hide-and-seek, and then she found herself at the foot of Sir Walter's Hill. The early mist was hanging like a glittering silver veil over the fair face of the mountain, and as Olive mounted up it lifted slowly, and the golden sunshine kissed the young green beeches and the solemn firs.

Olive had not been here since the snowy winter weather, not since the day when she had brought home to herself all her weakness, and had commenced the desperate struggle of the spring. She had thought sometimes she could never bear to see the spot again, but now she wondered to find how the swelling flood-tide of her recovered feeling had swept away the bitterness of this memory with the rest.

"And now for work," she said, as she seated herself upon the thyme-scented ground. "A life of work *now* will be easy. I must find work; I must fill my head and hands before—" An instinct told her that a dangerous reactionary crisis would come.

We miss a great grief—miss it as a mental occupation, I mean. After the first sense of great deliverance, after the first enjoyment of release, we are conscious of a void—an absorbing interest is withdrawn from our daily life. If we are wise we do as Olive did—we hasten to fill up our emptied minds and energies with wholesome thought and work. If we are foolish we waste God's mercy, and let the old sorrow steal back upon us in a sort of chronic form, without its first dignity—a faint, pining, selfish imitation of the grand discipline of God's sending. And in our folly some of us nurse this creature, and keep the sickly life carefully in it, so that our own hearts and minds grow as faint and weak as it.

When the strong agony which must have its way is once over, let us take up the life which has come back to us and use it. The wounds which we bring out of such deadly courses must be always upon us, but when God has covered them let us be content to keep them hidden. There must be a locked chamber in our hearts where, when we are strong enough, we may steal in alone, and reverently hold communion with our past, but where we must not seek to dwell always. Olive was turning the key upon this chamber; she knew it would be long ere she might venture in. Miss Ursula met her as she came up upon the terrace with her hands full of wild flowers, and the aromatic scent of the fir-grove lingering still about her uncovered hair.

"Aunt Ursula, I have found a bee-orchis up on the chalk bank behind the larch plantation. I must go down to Miss Hetty after breakfast and show it to her. You remember how she was wishing to see one again."

Miss Ursula's heart sang a psalm of thanksgiving as she followed her niece into the breakfast-room. Miss Hetty was standing with a green parasol in her hand, and a white pocket-handkerchief tied over her cap, superintending the transplanting of her geraniums and fuchsias from the little greenhouse to the flower-borders. She turned at the sound of the opening gate, and, bustling down the garden path, met Olive near a great lilac bush that shed pale, fragrant stars upon the neatly-kept gravel-walk.

"My dear, I am so glad to see you. I heard you go by last night, so late! I always know the sound of the Armytage carriage. How well you look! Tell me all about the grand things you have seen in London. Are you tired, or shall we stroll down the garden? It is pleasant out this morning."

Olive was not tired, and she liked to stroll down Miss Hetty's garden at all times. A dear old-fashioned garden it was, where everything grew as it liked, unless, indeed, it liked to be very inconvenient, and then it was very tenderly dealt with, clipped or tied back with as little interruption to its "own sweet will" as possible. There was a square of beautifully smooth lawn, with a sun-dial in the middle, and a spreading mulberry-tree just bursting into leaf at the end. There were all sorts of old-fashioned flowers despised by the gardener at the Hall, wall-flowers, and hearsetease, and London pride, and York and Lancaster roses; tall white lilies, and bachelor's buttons, and sweet-williams; the round white balls of the guelder-rose, Solomon's seal, pink and purple columbine, and, in its season, long pendent boughs of scarlet barberry, and pale green balls of bladdered senna. Then there were bushes of sweetbriar, lavender, rosemary, and "old man's pepper," and great tufts of pungent thyme, and beds of woodruffe—all the garden perfumes which our grandmothers and grandfathers prized so highly. One peculiarity of Miss Hetty's garden was that when you thought you had done with the flowers, and sauntered down a filbert walk, or along a row of espalier fruit-trees, with cauliflowers and lettuce on the other side, you came suddenly upon a box-bordered flower-bed set in front of an arbor, over which tassels of scented woodbine mingled with great bouquets of white and damask roses, or delicate grape-like clusters of pale wisteria. And whether flower-garden, or fruit or vegetable, were in question, a little purling, gurgling stream ran all along over shining brown pebbles, spanned here and there by a mimic bridge or an arch of trellis-work. Sometimes its banks were fringed by periwinkle sprays; sometimes a willow dipped its drooping branches into it; sometimes hound's-tongue ferns, and emerald mosses, and trailing bands of ivy crowded above it, or a huge horse-chestnut and pungent-leaved walnut-tree shaded its way; sometimes a smooth slope of shaven grass went straight down to its bed. The little stream took it all as it came, and went rippling and singing on its journey, until at last it tossed itself in a cloud of foam right out of the garden into some green meadows beyond, and there ran merrily on again, getting broader and more important, but a great deal less jocund and merry, until it swelled into a great river, and carried ships upon its bosom, and undertook responsibilities which were enough to make it solemn and stately as it was.

But we have wandered out of our track following the stream, and must go back to where it purled along, and Miss Hetty and Olive walked beside it. Now Miss Hetty was, in the simplest and most unostentatious way in the world, a whole sisterhood of charity in her own person. She did not hold Dorcas meetings, it is true; but she had a large basket of garments for the poor making and to make always thrust out of sight under the sofa. She did not walk about in a lanky black gown and a poke bonnet, with a large pair of scissors dangling dangerously at her side, but she kept a register in her head, in which every man, woman, and child of Chadleigh had their places, and in which the balance between their wants and their deserts was never struck; and Olive, wanting direction and impetus for her work, could scarcely do better than seek both at Miss Hetty's hands. Miss Ursula, from the newness of her position, and from its exigencies, was not so good a guide. Her charities were large, but, of necessity, vicarious. Olive, it is true, had, from her first coming to Armytage Hall, worked in a desultory way amongst the poor; but of late, feeling how little such weary, hopeless work as hers profited, she had let it all drop. She wanted now to take it up again in a fresh spirit—to infuse into it whilst it was new all the zest and energy which had been given her again. And Miss Hetty was delighted with her young disciple. And it was not long before Olive was as much at home in Chadleigh as Miss Hetty herself.

Whilst Olive was thus busied, Claris was growing restless, and before the August heat had quite cooled she had formed and matured a plan of foreign travel to which Miss Ursula was fain to consent—Switzerland and the Rhine for the autumn months, and perhaps Paris before Christmas. To this last Miss Ursula demurred a little; she was not willing to consent to such a long absence from home; but Claris, content to gain the first point, left the other to follow afterwards. Olive was sorry to suspend her work, but she had all the usual youthful inclination for fresh scenes and new experiences, and associated herself very cheerfully with the project. The duchess recommended a travelling courier, and smoothed their way by innumerable introductions and directions. The 1st of September was fixed for their departure.

It was on the last Sunday of August that Mr. Julius walked home from church with Olive. Miss Ursula had gone on with Claris and Miss Hetty, who was to spend this last evening with them, and Olive stayed behind to give some directions to the little troop of school-children who hung about her path. Mr. Julius, coming from the vestry-door, reached the churchyard-gate before her, and held it open for her to pass. The sun was warm upon the trees of the village green, and the winding stream of country people looked picturesque enough as it descended the little hill from the church. Mr. Julius was so silent that Olive wondered why he still held on by her side after they reached the park gates.

"A little scarlet goes a great way in a landscape," he said then. "Witness that single poppy on the chalk bank, or Miss Hetty Bushe's China crape shawl amongst the chestnuts yonder." This was not what he wanted to say, Olive felt sure. "Talking of wild flowers, Miss Bankes," he went on, "a young friend of yours, Miss—Miss—Holmby, was making a collection last summer, and wanted two or three specimens to complete it. I have been lucky enough to come upon them lately. Would it be troubling you too much to send them to her, with—ahem! —with my best compliments?"

"Not at all, Mr. Julius; she will be very much obliged to you." Olive's smile was not for Mr. Julius to see.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABROAD.

Why, when the short sea passage from Dover to Calais is only, under favorable circumstances, one and a half hours, Claris, who directed the movements of the travelling party, should have preferred the Ostend route, is not for us to determine. That Auguste, the Swiss courier, should not have remonstrated is not extraordinary when you consider that he was, by profession, an amphibious creature, and therefore, personally, equally indifferent to land or sea. That Miss Ursula should not have sought to amend Claris's resolution was also not wonderful, when we remember how complete was her ignorance of all matters of foreign travel; nay, incredible as it may sound in these our days of railway and steamboat locomotion, she had never even seen the sea. And, meekly as the poor lady had acquiesced in the whole plan, no one but herself knew what secret dreads and fears shook her soul in view of it. And these dreads and fears were by no means distributed in their due proportion over the risks and casualties of the voyage; they were all concentrated upon one contingency, and that the most unlikely to occur—Miss Ursula was horribly afraid of being drowned. The best of us have our weaknesses, and this was Miss Ursula's. Sea-sickness had no terrors for her, or if it had, they were all swallowed up in this larger and all-engrossing dread. Long ago she had lain awake on stormy nights in her cottage home, and pictured to herself this great, ravening monster, upon which she was now about to adventure herself, rising up in his might and swallowing up her heart's treasures, first Godfrey, and then Edgar. And in this terrible, destroying aspect the beautiful ocean had fixed itself upon her imagination. She might read of it as rippling in dreamy wavelets against the pebbly shore; as sparkling in sunny radiance whilst white-sailed boats danced upon its blue bosom; merry girls, fresh from Brighton or Scarborough, might tell her of the sportive moods of this their giant playfellow; but Miss Ursula, for all this, could realize but one aspect of the unseen terror.

Therefore this foreign tour, which appears so simple and everyday a thing to most of us, was in Miss Ursula a high reach of unselfish devotion, one of those silent sacrifices which made the discipline of her life.

Its commencement was not reassuring—the end of the Admiralty Pier at Dover at half-past ten o'clock at night never is reassuring. I don't care what sort of night it may be, moonlight, starlight, or midsummer, but I maintain that the shrinking traveller who finds himself embarking from this point at that hour is very well justified in his shrinking. There is something inexpressibly dreary in the semi-light, in the blinking gas-lamps, in the descent among the scaffold-like beams, suggestive of unutterable horrors, down sloppy steps, across ridgy gangways where the high heels of your boots are sure to catch, and your heart leaps almost into your mouth at the suggested alternatives of an ugly fall or a precipitate descent into the arms of blue-shirted men with dingy lanterns, to which you are indebted for the revelation of a variety of other perils in the way of stumbling-blocks.

Looking seaward (unless, indeed, it happens to be moonlight, which it never is when *I* travel), you perceive only a vague undefined greyness, coldly mysterious, and certainly discouraging. On board everybody is muffled up, everybody is depressed and half asleep, everybody looks as if they were going to be up all night and didn't like it. There is not the least life or energy about any one there, unless we except the dark-bearded Frenchman, who, on the arrival of the mail-train, run rapidly down the dank stone steps, spring eagerly across the risky gangway, and arrive on board in an agony of excitement and expectation which the atmosphere of the place speedily tones down to the level of a contemplative cigar.

Perhaps the most inspiriting thing on board, after the Frenchmen—whose speedily-extinguished gaiety is, after all, a sad thing—is the funnel of the boat. It keeps up a continual hoarse, hurrying note of departure. It does its best to divert the minds of the intending passengers by throwing up white vapor, gray vapor, and black vapor, dashed occasionally with streaks of flame, just as the clown at a country circus keeps the audience amused in the pauses of the entertainment by catching, white, green, and red balls on the backs of his hands.

Miss Ursula, poor dear lady! passed through all the foregoing experiences with a sinking heart, and then found herself ushered into the ladies' cabin. The initiated enter this structure with about the same sensation which accompanies the introduction into a dentist's parlor. The horse-hair couches are fearfully analogous to the fatal armchair; the peculiar odors of oil-cloth and waterproof have unbearable associations. Miss Ursula's heart sank lower and lower; she looked despairingly at the four walls, at the low roof. It was awful to think of being penned down here to be drowned! She longed for the freedom of the upper deck. "At least," she thought, "there would be a chance of rescue *there*." She turned to where Claris was settling herself upon the most comfortable couch, with Auguste and the French steward and one or two other men in attendance upon her, in obedience to that law of attraction which seemed to subjugate every he-creature, of whatever degree, when once brought within the sphere of her influence. Miss Ursula was ashamed to hint her fears to Claris, who seemed to take the whole thing as such a matter of course.

"Where shall I put your shawls, ma'am?"

It was Perks's voice at her side. The starting bell was ringing upstairs.

"Olive," faltered Miss Ursula, "would it be allowed—do people—that is, ladies—ever remain upstairs?"

"On deck? Oh, yes; but then it would be cold at night for you, aunt dear. You will find the cabin best."

"I think I would rather stay on deck."

"Then I will stay with you. We have plenty of rugs and shawls, and can wrap ourselves up."

So they did; and for the first quarter of an hour the horizontal position which Miss Ursula had taken up on one of the benches saved her from more than a recurring panic at every cold "thud" with which the water dashed against the side of the steamer. Then began the trial for which the poor lady was unprepared: she was woefully, desperately sea-sick. At first she thought she was dying; then, Christian woman as she was, she became quite indifferent as to whether she were or not. At the beginning she had been very anxious for Olive, who lay on the next bench, but as time went on she lost all natural feeling, and became, with a certain pervading instinct of self-reproach, indifferent upon this point too. She was very ill indeed, when a voice which seemed to issue from a speaking-trumpet said to her, in French—

"If madame will accompany me, I will place her where she will be much more at her ease."

It was the French captain, a big, burly, red-faced man, coarse in voice and aspect. Yet Miss Ursula rose and took his offered arm to descend the cabin-stairs. She devoutly hoped he was going to throw her overboard, but he wasn't, although he looked as capable of that as of any other murderous act. What he did *not* look capable of was the delicacy and tenderness with which he bestowed Miss Ursula upon a comfortable couch in a quiet private cabin, adjusting her head at the proper altitude, and soaking her handkerchief with *eau de-Cologne*, whilst Miss Perks sat upon the door-step and was deprecatingly unwell. I may observe here, in passing, that the red-faced captain now wears upon his huge fourth finger a handsome carbuncle ring, which he explains to inquiring passengers was once sent to him by an English milady who traversed with him and was very ill, and to whom he had offered some aids. "*C'était beaucoup pour si peu de chose*," adds the brave man, waving the florid gem in a light, airy French manner in the faces of his audience.

Snugly rolled up in a soft nest of rugs and shawls, like a little dormouse, Olive slept and dreamt under the stars, all unconscious of her aunt's tribulation. Once she roused and sat up, bewildered to feel the cool night air fanning her forehead. Miss Ursula's bench was empty, and Auguste, who had mounted guard over the young lady, came forward, and explained to her that madame, being indisposed, had retired below, and that mademoiselle the *femme-de-chambre* was in attendance upon her. It was in Olive's heart to follow Miss Ursula, but a sudden roll of the vessel, just as she was setting her feet to the ground, in combination with certain unpleasant sensations, warned her to resume her recumbent position, which she did, and, nestling down again amongst her wraps, she gradually relapsed into unconsciousness, lulled by the monotonous splashing of the water and the regular pant of the hard-working engine. So sleeping, she dreamed. She seemed to be in a wood at twilight. A star came out here and there, and looked down upon her through the branches of the tall trees. A brawling stream ran along her path, and a hidden cascade dashed and foamed somewhere, out of sight, behind a dark bank of green. She wandered on in tangled paths that had no outlet, troubled and bewildered, darkness overtaking her, and the rising wind roaring threateningly above her head. Then Auguste appeared, to guide her out of the maze in which

she was lost. But she was now so weary that she was fain to sit down and rest. And her rest must have merged into sleep, for presently she became conscious that Auguste's German-Swiss accents were no longer respectfully directing her steps, but that they were Colonel St. Maur's soft, silky tones which uttered—

"Gone back to India, and left the handsome heiress behind in England. Bets run high on the subject in the Junior United Service."

The words were so distinct, could they be a dream? Hardly, for she was not sleeping now; she had only to open her eyes to be wide awake. There were the two black funnels, standing up over her head like branchless trunks of trees; there was Auguste, deferentially submitting that the *brouillard* was cold and humid, that mademoiselle ought to *enrhumer* herself; a thousand pardons, but would not mademoiselle find herself better down there? Then there were the shadowy outlines of two tall male figures pacing away from her side of the deck, and disappearing on the other side of the paddle-boxes before Olive's eyes, straining into the dimness, could identify either of them. She had no further inclination to remain on deck; the wind had lulled, or the boat was in smoother water, for she found her way without much difficulty to Miss Ursula's retreat, directed by the limp and washed-out figure of poor Perks in the doorway.

Miss Ursula was considerably better, but reduced to a passive condition which did not admit of conversation. Olive found a seat by her side, and wondered first at the strange repulsion which, whether she had heard it waking or dreaming, Colonel St. Maur's voice had re-awakened. Then she repeated the words over again; they could scarcely concern her, yet somehow she found herself dwelling upon them until they seemed identified with her.

It was not long before a sudden lull in the motion of the steamer, followed by the shuffling of feet upon the staircase, and a Babel-like confusion of tongues above, announced their arrival at Ostend. Auguste delayed the landing of his party until the crowd of passengers had dispersed. Ostend looked picturesque enough as they stepped on shore. The mist softened the red flare of the rising sun to a warm pink flush, which lit up the quaint old Flemish houses, and seemed to bring them out from their past century into the warmth and light of to-day. Miss Ursula, revived by the fresh morning air, was disposed to pause and admire the novel picture, but Clarie was calling impatiently for coffee, which they found in a handsome room above the custom-house, where they were waited upon by a pleasant, homely-looking body in a white cap and a short stuff skirt, with a pretty kerchief pinned across her bosom. This refreshment was scarcely swallowed when Auguste announced that mesdames' trunks were visited, and that the carriage waited to convey them to the railway-station. Here they ensconced themselves in the last carriage of the train, and amused themselves by wondering at the sauntering air of the officials, and the absence of all hurry or signs of departure in either train or passengers, so different to the bustle and noise of an English station. A silly old man did, indeed, endeavor to infuse a little spirit into the affair by carrying Auguste off to a superior, and making a fuss over the tickets he held; which tickets proving to be all right, the superior had a little quarrel with the old man, who thereupon was joined by other old, witless people, who assisted him in such gesticulations and noise as they could accomplish. In the midst thereof the train started—quite in a leisurely way—and Olive from her place by the window could see the old men fussing and quarrelling to the very last moment.

After that, much to the disappointment of Olive, who had set herself to enjoy all the incidents of the road, her window revealed very little that was interesting. Fields with dwarfed, straight trees planted around them in exact squares; cut up, moreover, into slices of dirty cabbage, dirty beans, or melancholy-looking wheatsheaves; swamps filled with wild-fowl, dirty streams, dirty peasants, very old ugly women, also dirty: all these for miles and miles, the prevailing feature of the landscape—dirt—ever recurring, like the "Bells, bells, bells," in Edgar Poe's poem. Then came Bruges and its "Belfry," and it was a disappointment to find how largely this landmark, so eagerly looked for, was indebted to the poet's fancy. Then the train ran through a district which looked like manufactories turned out of doors; whole fields of linen, fields of stockings, fields of handkerchiefs, relieved by fields of red stuffs and tracts of printed calicoes. One group of cows drinking Olive hailed as a real refreshment; it reminded her of a Dutch picture she had seen somewhere—until a nearer view showed the animals to be awkward and stunted, with a screwy look in the corners of the eyes—like their masters.

After all this it was pleasant to arrive at Brussels, with its clean, wide streets, and its handsome white houses, curtained with the beautiful lace which is sure to command feminine appreciation. It was pleasanter still, after rest and refreshment at the hotel, to sally forth into this white, pasteboard-looking city, and search out in cathedral, church, and palace those marvels of art which they contain. Olive wondered, as I suppose every other traveller in Roman Catholic lands does, that such glories of sculpture and carving should not have taught a purer taste than is displayed in herding with them all the meretricious paraphernalia of modern Popish superstition. One would imagine that the contemplation of true pure art would elevate the commonest mind above such degradation of taste; that it would certainly suggest the incongruity of heaping exquisite altars with tinsel finery, and of filling lovely niches with dirty, faded dolls. It seems impossible but that the seraphic faces of glorified angels and beatified saints which look down upon the worshippers in these beautiful temples should disgust them with the unwashed, bold-countenanced Virgins whose acquaintance in the flesh any "correct" woman would certainly have declined.

Olive and Miss Ursula were standing before the beautiful oak pulpit of St. Gudule, rapt in admiring contemplation of its exquisite beauty, and, Miss Ursula especially, shocked into a true Protestant indignation at that crowning profanity of an idolatrous faith which sets the foot of her who was only "blessed among women" upon that serpent which the bruised heel of the Son of Man alone had power to trample down, when the disturbing voice of her last night's dream broke in upon Olive's meditation. Colonel St. Maur was claiming acquaintance, delighting in the agreeable surprise of having encountered Miss Armytage and her party, etc., etc.

And then it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should appoint himself the cicerone of these inexperienced travelling ladies—he who had been all over the continent a dozen times at least, and was now lounging through it by way of killing an idle man's useless time; and his society, despite Olive's ever-increasing feeling of repulsion, was an acquisition. He was a connoisseur in art—in fact, as became his forty years, he was well up in most things that educated gentlemen and men of taste should know. He brought out, in an easy, careless way, stores of valuable and entertaining knowledge, enriched by poetic associations and real artistic taste. He could lead them at once to the great points of interest, and, when there, could illustrate them in a way which was infinitely interesting. He spared them the unpleasant exhibitions of dry bones and unsightly relics in which the orthodox guides revelled. Olive found herself listening with a fascinated interest to his talk. Clarie ceased to yawn over what she called "the pilgrimages" of the others, and Miss Ursula felt that she owed a great deal of enjoyment to the colonel's kind attention.

He walked back with them to their hotel, which proved to be the same at which he also had put up, pausing by the way to show them, in the museum, Rubens' large pinky women in satins and slashed sleeves, crying pinky tears elegantly down pinky cheeks in his great picture of the Crucifixion. And then it transpired, in the course of conversation, that the colonel's route on the morrow was the same as their own (Olive suspected that, in any case, he would have made it so,) and, in common politeness and gratitude, Miss Ursula could not repulse his evident intention to attach himself to their party.

Olive was thankful that the country from Brussels to Cologne was so attractive as to make her window a plausible refuge from the conversation of this most unwelcome addition, and Clarie seemed to bear the burden of the colonel's entertainment very easily. There was a strange power about this man. Olive recognized it with a species of terror: she felt in his presence like a poor little bird fluttering in the net of the fowler. He must have noticed her shrinking repugnance—nay, somehow, she believed at times that he could divine her very thoughts; yet, try as she might to escape from him, during the next few weeks he was constantly at her side, and he had such a graceful, easy way of ignoring her discomfiture, and of winning first her attention, and then her interest; that, struggle as she might and did, against an influence she mistrusted and despised, it fairly mastered her again and again. Colonel St. Maur had found out that the owner of the handsome eyes was by no means "slow." He was piqued by the reticence which had taken him in even for a moment; he was interested in the "soul" that flashed out in such intense admiration of the beautiful. There were depths in this rarely self-contained nature which he had a curiosity to sound—not that he believed it would reward him for the trouble—men of his stamp do not believe in women of hers—but the game was interesting, and he could play well any game he chose to engage in. He was a man used to *bonnes fortunes*—so used that he had got to despise them; but the dislike with which his quick observation told him he had inspired this little girl was a new sensation; it was worth following up; and he did follow it up, and it served his turn exceedingly well on that, to him, hackneyed path up the Rhine and through Switzerland, which he was willing to undergo for the thirteenth time or so for the sensation's sake; and it might have lasted him much longer but that, just as he arrived in Paris, something happened which changed the current of his ideas, although it made no apparent difference in his conduct.

When the great wheels of nations revolve, they set in motion an infinity of small wheels, each of which is apt to look upon the great revolution as subordinate to its own little orbit; so when our parliamentary wheel went round, and a certain great minister went down on one side, and another great minister rose up on the other, a little wheel of Colonel St. Maur's began to run round with great rapidity, and so absorbed was the gallant officer in his own small revolutions, that he didn't care at all how many great interests were crushed under the larger ones, as long as only the motive power by which *he* hoped to keep going—the great man who had just come up—might keep his place.

But we shall have to explain this later. At present we must go back to Cologne, where Miss Armytage and her nieces fell in with the Bohun girls, under escort of Mrs. Decies and her son, a tall, thin youth, almost as ladylike as his mother, and the prop and stay of her widowed heart—a good lad, too, with honest blushes on his downy cheek, and a true English heart beneath his "swell" waistcoats. He was in training at Hanover for a future diplomatic appointment, struggling hard to overcome that peculiar repugnance which John Bull always exhibits towards any other than his native insular tongue. Having pronounced favorably upon his own progress in the German gutturals, he had been enlisted as interpreter to his mother and cousins, Isabel and Jessie having found their Brighton Hanoverian unequal to the task of carrying them comfortably up the Rhine. The luxurious Elaine had succumbed under the difficulties of grammar and accent, and was left behind, on the invitation of the English minister's family, in Hanover.

The two parties, Miss Ursula's and Mrs. Decies', straightway coalesced, and, thus reinforced, the Bohuns were eager to carry out a favorable project of "doing" the Swiss mountains. I am not going to take you along with them. Murray and the swarm of scribbling tourists forbid! I shall only glance at one or two points on the route. Reginald Decies fell in love with the largest brown eyes and the tiniest feet and hands he had ever seen in his life, and was dreadfully rude, in his boyish jealousy, to Colonel St. Maur, who, of course, understood it all perfectly well, and treated the youth's impetuous bursts just as a great noble mastiff treats the snapping vexations of a small terrier dog. It was a great relief to Reginald's mind to bite the end of his cigar as he paced up and down in front of different hotels on the route, and mentally rehearse such scenes as the following:—"Sir, your blood or mine must wipe out this insult," and (at six o'clock in the morning, with pistols, and a friend on each side,) "Colonel, if I should fall, as I probably shall, I trust it to your honor to shield the name of a certain lady. Remember that this was *my* quarrel—a gambling affair—what you will—but *she* must be spared," etc., etc.

Yet, for all these grandiose rehearsels, the colonel was as far from calling him out, as the poor fond boy hoped he would, as he was from running away with Olive and dropping himself and her over the frowning cliffs of the Matterhorn. The lad's jealousy certainly imparted a little additional piquancy to his pursuit, like sorrel sauce to a French leg of mutton, and he was, consequently, quite sorry when, early one morning, at Chamounix, Reginald found a little figure, alpenstock in hand, standing on the hotel terrace, with its face towards the rising sun, for, as the face turned and met his, all the glory of the sunrise faded out of it, and the girl answered his look by the sudden, impulsive exclamation, piteously uttered—

"*Don't*, dear, don't!" (He was younger than she, and she liked him so much that, you see, she could not bear to lose her friend.)

The boy caught the little hand she held out to him to his lips, and sobbed over it like a good, honest fellow as he was.

"I won't, then! by Jove, I won't! since it's so. But I do wish, by Jove, I do! that it was somebody else. I'll not say a word against him, since you—you like him, but—"

The crimson flush of sunrise spread itself all over her face again, and her eyes dropped before his. It is so easy to play at cross purposes. Two people who are looking intently each from his or her point of view, may well be excused not seeing any other. She never guessed where he was.

Just then Colonel St. Maur threw up his window, and seeing nothing—*of course* not the two figures which were immediately under him—he leant out, and sang, in that well-trained, mellow tenor of his—

"Oh, the early days of love,
When my fancy loved to rove
From the black eyes to the blue,
From the tiny to the tall,
And as many girls were dear
As the months that make the year,
And the youngest and the newest
Was the dearest of them all."

Whereupon Olive fled back again into the house, and poor Reginald fled too—back to Hanover, to his sister Elaine. There was one thing, and one only, which had power to move the languid soul of this young woman, and that was her love for her brother. They loved each other, those two, with a very devoted affection, and Elaine's share of that affection soon divined that something had gone wrong with Reginald, and they had not been together more than ten minutes before she had drawn all his poor little love-story from him, and she was trying to soothe him, after the manner of sisters, by very unqualified abuse of his lost love.

You know she would have been very spitefully jealous if Olive had kept the boy's heart, when he offered it, from her, his sister, but, with a very common inconsistency, she was exceedingly angry at finding it thus returned on his hands.

But Reginald would not stand the abuse, and turned very rusty indeed, wherefore Elaine changed her tactics, but relieved her own mind, later in the day, by penning a voluminous epistle to her dear friend, Lady Theodosia Thynne, daughter of "the" duchess, in which she called Olive a "flirt," and more than hinted that she was on the point of entangling herself with Colonel St. Maur, a man twenty years older than herself, a younger son, and otherwise particularly ineligible. "But a girl of that kind will do *anything*," was the concluding anathema of the indignant sister. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R. 15, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

CURIOSITY.

There is really no more noble and useful faculty in the human mind than this much-decried Curiosity. The best of things may be basely applied, and that idle quest into the affairs of others, which has usurped the name, is not only reprehensible in itself, but is a mockery and misdirection of the true Curiosity—that quest into the phenomena of Nature, into the conditions of Society, or into those abstract principles which underlie and control all visible things, to which the world owes its present position. For it is really a phase of that same unworthy Curiosity, here worthily directed towards Nature's principles and conditions, that has opened the doors of the universe to the Key of Reason and Research, displaying in a grand, consecutive range the marvels of Science.

Newton, curious to know why the apple should fall downwards rather than upwards, questioned Nature and received in reply her magnificent scheme of Gravitation. So have the minds of thousands, baffled by some such puzzling mystery, been led into that grandest of investigations, the research into the works of God.

Yet how many walk under a sky wonderful with stars, and upon an earth whose surface is woven of mysteries, with each organized being around them a magazine of marvellous adaptations, and yet see nothing worth the trouble of a thought; while some silly neighborhood gossip or unexplained village marvel is alone found worthy their powers of investigation? Many a fair reputation has been blighted by the keen frost of scandal thus set afloat.

It is well to display a due amount of interest in all things. No true friend is he who is heedless of his friend's concerns. But if this feeling be misapplied to an unauthorized seeking after secrets not voluntarily revealed, making its owner the mystery gatherer of a neighborhood, it becomes an idle and mischievous habit, wasting time and talent which might be usefully applied, and yielding disgrace and mortification where the same principle rightly directed could only bring honor to its possessor.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Mrs. A. B. Edwards, of Brandon, Iowa, writes:—

"My Sewing Machine is splendid. I hardly know how to be thankful enough for your kindness in helping me to obtain it. I shall send you a club for the Lady's Friend in a few days."

Eliza A. Britton, of Sylvester, Green county, Wisconsin, writes:—

"The Machine arrived the 22d inst., and I am highly pleased with it. It works like a charm, and answers my most sanguine expectations. Receive my hearty thanks. I shall endeavor to send you another club before long."

Mrs. S. H. Sanford, of Joliet, Illinois, writes:—

"I received my present this morning. The ice pitcher is very nice, and I feel more than paid for the trouble of getting the subscribers. I thank you very much, indeed, and will try in future to introduce your paper and book among my friends. We have had the POST about ten years in our family, and still regard it as a necessity."

The Present Tendency of Science.

One by one philosophers are closing up the gaps in their systems of nature, and presenting a continuous spectrum of the whole. The old idea of Catastrophe is dying out, and a new idea of Connected Succession taking its place. Subtle links of continuity are found to run everywhere throughout Nature, curiously binding together the most opposite conditions, till creation, from being an apparent medley of diverse forms, is being found to be a unit of progressing relations.

Former observers had but a partial view and naturally formed partial theories; for man is too apt to consider as faults in nature what are really but imperfections in his own eyesight. They saw but the great facts; the minor connections were too fine for their means of observation; and so to them creation became an archipelago of diversely-constituted islands, surrounded and washed on all sides by a vast sea of supernatural incoherence.

But Modern Science, with improved means of vision, is penetrating this deep sea, with grand hydraulics is drawing off its waters, and rapidly the fact becomes apparent that the ocean has a floor, that shelving island shores meet beneath the seas, that scarred and abrupt cliffs link together at their feet, that the discovered facts of nature, instead of being discordant islands in a bottomless sea, are but the visible peaks in a land of valleys and ravines through which roll the dark waters of mystery. Far down below the surface mankind is tracing laws and connections innumerable, till, though many gulfs and straits remain, the end is falling within the reach of theory.

But how many fair seeming systems and theories have fallen in this long battle between observation and imagination! Only the boldest and widest generalizations of old yet survive. Every hypothesis that ventured into details has fallen before the assaults of science, or has been forced materially to change front, till the artificial and discordant Nature of the old theorists is yielding to a magnificent scheme of related and mutually dependant conditions.

Thus in Geology, early observation found but a limited number of great formations, so widely disconnected that each seemed to have been closed by some grand catastrophe, followed by an utterly new state of things. But late discovery is intruding stratum after stratum into these gaps, finding genera and even species of fossil remains to run through successive strata, till the whole series is being linked into one connected scheme of progress, to which violent disruption seems daily less essential.

In Zoology the lines of division between the animal tribes are rapidly breaking down, new families, genera, and species, both recent and fossil, supplying missing links of form and habit, till here too a connected scheme of creation becomes constantly more apparent. So intimate, in fact, are these newly discovered relations, that the boundary lines of species are in many places giving way, as the flood-gates of evidence are flung more widely open and accumulating facts break through the weirs of old theory.

Of still more significance are the discoveries in the new science of Embryology, which deal not only with species, but tend to break down the party lines between tribes, orders, classes, and if we descend low enough, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, fusing all organic nature into a series of radii diverging from a common centre.

Take the science of Language and we find the same principle at work. Dialects, seemingly utterly diverse in construction and etymology, are being found full of relations, of words and forms akin, common descent being proved where no close connection appears, and the whole medley of tongues being classed under a few distinct types which, like the types of animal formation, have many connecting links pointing back towards a common origin.

So History tells the same story of the progress of political formations and social customs, Geography and Meteorology of the mutual dependence of physical changes, Astronomy of the connecting links of gravitation and similar formation in the starry system, this similarity being wonderfully illustrated by the new science of Spectrum Analysis.

We need not pursue this idea through the whole range of the sciences. The fact it embodies is evident everywhere, but nowhere more strikingly than in the province of Chemistry, for nowhere did there appear more abrupt and absolute disconnection than between Organic and Inorganic Chemistry. By degrees, however, the idea of a special vital force became weakened, as one by one the organic expedients of the body were found to conform to the laws of Mechanics and of Voltaic action; and the formation at length of urea in the laboratory from its organic elements broke down the seemingly impassible barrier between vital and physical Chemistry; while now the direct formation of several hundred organic compounds from the elements of nature has firmly established the connection between the two great departments of Chemistry.

But of all the wonderful results of late science the most marvellous are the correlations shown to exist between the various forces, quite destroying the old theories of Light, Caloric, &c., and going far to prove that Heat, Light, Electricity, Galvanism, Gravitation, Mechanical force, &c., are but one and the same quality of motion, producing under different special circumstances different apparent results.

The subject is too large a one to be more than glanced at here, for the unitary tendency of late Science contains matter for a volume instead of a page. We have but swept some floating seaweed from the surface as a sample of the marvellous forests beneath.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FRONTIER. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Philada.

CAMERON HALL. A Story of the Civil War. By M. A. C., author of "The Little Episcopalian," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE WONDERFUL STORIES OF FUZ-BUZ THE FLY, AND MOTHER GRAHAM THE SPIDER. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE PARLOR STAGE. A Collection of Charades and Proverbs, intended for the Drawing Room or Saloon, and Requiring no Expensive Apparatus or Scenery or Properties for their Performance. By S. ANNIE FROST. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and also for sale by T. B Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE PLAY GROUND; OR, OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR BOYS. Illustrated with 124 wood cuts. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

HOW NEW YORK CITY IS GOVERNED. By JAMES PARTON. (Reprinted from the North American Review.) Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. Little Red Riding Hood—and Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper. Illustrated by Gustave Dore. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Philada.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1867. Containing, exclusive of the Astronomical Calculations, a Great Variety of Statistics, Chronological Tables, and Useful Matter never before introduced into a work of this kind. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

The "Photographoscope"—Catoptno Lantern"—Its Glass Tableaux.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors:—As, I believe, your interesting paper was one of the first to announce to the world this beautiful and interesting discovery—or invention—(and which has been noticed by many of the leading journals of this country and Europe,) perhaps yourselves and numerous readers might be pleased, at this time, to learn something more of its progress.

At the courteous invitation of its inventor, myself and a party of friends, assembled some evenings ago, to an entertainment thereof; and, I must say, that I consider it truly a most wonderful discovery indeed—in the accuracy of the reproductions by the instrument, its diversity, &c.

A plate of ground glass is placed on a table before you, (of about twenty-eight inches square,) behind which is the instrument and operator. Upon this glass tablet, (like "Alla-a-Deen and his wonderful lamp,) this instrument will cause to appear thereon, photographic portraits, as large as life, from ordinary small card photographs, in every color and "tint" or colorless, clear and in relief, noted individuals, statuary, birds in gaudy plumage, flowers in brilliant colors, gay butterflies, &c; the kings and queens, nobility, warriors, &c., in their coats of mail, ruined castles, of the ages of Europe, summoned before you at the will of the operator—like the beautiful dreams and visions of the artist of the romantic and past. Nor is this all—for an inexhaustible source of amusement is afforded by its powers of reproducing, life size, instantly, the portraits of friends, from their card photographs, (wherefrom to paint the same life size no inconsiderable trouble would be incurred.) Your readers may imagine the amusement thus alone afforded. Also, ladies can have their rings, or a breast-pin, (and with proper care,) a gentleman his watch to appear upon the glass tablet, magnified one hundred times; also, gold and silver coins, reappear in a wonderful manner, in all their metallic and regal glory and lustre, perfect copies of the originals. But time and space would fail me to tell how the statuary appears as if it could be walked off with—and the fruit as if ready to be eaten, &c.

The instrument is lighted by two ordinary coal-oil lamps—being most convenient, &c., and producing its refined effects. Too strong a light, the inventor explained, (besides the inconvenience and cost,) would produce coarseness in the pictures, and dissolve the artistic and refined effect referred to, (as artists select for their paintings, not the full light of the sun, but a subdued light;) (white opaque screens, of the same size, are also used.)

The inventer also explained the manner of exhibiting the "Photographoscope" to large or public audiences, (the lights mentioned being used.) Consisting in arranging several similar sized ground glass screens around the instrument—the latter being made to revolve on its axis, and pass each picture over each screen in procession—the effect is said to be fine.

I confess, that I know of no optical instrument, Messrs. Editors, that can equal it in refined beauty and diversity, and think that Mr. Sibbald might justly challenge the world to produce its equal in beatific visions and changes—and at a cost for pictures so moderate; and happy will be the winter evening's family circle that possesses one of these amusing instruments.

One of its many admirers,
J. B. FLETCHER.

Preston, Caroline Co., Maryland.

☞ A man nicely dressed in broadcloth, who bore much the appearance of a gentleman, went into one of the fancy places in Boston, a few nights since, and was skinned in the following style: He commenced gambling and lost all his money. He then bet his hat, and that went in the same way. His coat went next, then his boots and socks, and so on, one thing after another went, until his last article of wearing apparel disappeared, and finally he left the house in a perfect state of nudity.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

HEART OF THE ANDES—SINGULAR SPIRALS—ILLIMANI FROM THE EAST—A WEEK OF WILD SPORT—BEARDING THE PUMA—A RUNNING FIGHT—GENERAL ENGAGEMENT.

I have seen several times Church's "Heart of the Andes," and as a master-piece of high art, worshipped it among its many thousand other worshippers. A most magnificent picture, but representing the original so vaguely that four of us who had spent almost two years in traversing the great Range, failed to recognize on the canvas a single Andean feature. Mr. Church should have taken his views from Illimani and Sorrata. Then with his capacity for blending the awful and sublime with the grand and beautiful, he would have given us a Heart of the Andes that would have been the world's wonder and worship. One may imagine a very good hill, and even a creditable Alleghany. But to create on canvas a correct picture of the mighty Andes, the necessity becomes absolute that the artist attempting it must first familiarise himself with all the features by actual observation.

Aconcagua, the father of American mountains, with its white mantle of everlasting winter, and hoary crest towering more than twenty-three thousand feet above the sea ought, by right of stature, position, and imposing presence to be recognized and acknowledged as the Head of the Andes. And more claims than these has Mount Illimani to the distinction of *Heart* of the vast Andean Range. First among these is its position—the centre of circulation of subterranean liquid fire—volcanic blood of the mighty mountain system. Then its singular shape—viewed from any point of the compass, at the distance of ten leagues, so like the heart of a bullock set upright on its broad base, that in its tinted crimson atmosphere but slight stretch of the imagination is required to make Illimani the life organ of a universe palpitating with the throes of volcanic life, and perfect in every feature of its immense proportions.

Upon a nearer acquaintance, while the great central South American fire mound has its distinct characteristics, somewhat changed into an exteriorism uniform and harmonious, others are developed that add singularity to, and make of Illimani a mountain wonder. First, and most singular and inexplicable of these characteristic features is a system of undulating, screw-like spirals beginning at the base and running as one faces the mountain, from left to right, rising in gradual ascent, and encircling the mountain in a spiral thread, so that virtually the mountain is a monstrous screw, cone-shaped, appearing like an immense humming-top planted big end downwards in a deep valley, and rising in a gradually diminishing cone, fire-capped at the crest, high above the upper strata of clouds.

These singular spirals are certainly less regular and unbroken than the mechanical cut threads of a perfect screw, being broken up in places by gorges and gullies; and in others roughened into crags and precipices or flattened out into sloping plateaus, in which the threads sometimes entirely disappear. But as a rule the spirals are so distinct and consecutive that taking the upper side of the thread, and riding always in the same direction, round and round, as one mounts a flight of circular stairs, a horseback jaunt very nearly to the summit of the Heart of the Andes, is of far easier accomplishment than the ascent of perhaps any other mountain in the world of one-fourth Illimani's altitude.

Beginning our up-hill journey in the low country on the southeast side, and going always by the right, until we had fairly encompassed the great fire-cone, which was achieved in five days, with scenery changing as rapidly as the views presented by the revolving kaleidoscope, and as grandly magnificent as any that the world affords, we found ourselves after a comfortable ride very nearly two hundred miles, as nearly as we could compute the gride, opposite our starting point, and not far from three and a half miles above it. There was somewhere in the neighborhood of a mile and a half of mountain still above our heads; but as it was as we went up, becoming a cold, dreary, uncomfortable region, covered with snow and ice up to within a thousand feet perhaps of the summit circle of fire, and as our preference for a lofty lookout was fast set in favor of Illimani's neighbor over the way—or rather over across the most magnificent valley in South America, if not in the world, we would go down from Illimani and across the intervening valley and up rugged old Sorrata, which those who claimed to know, had assured us was better worth our efforts because twenty-times more difficult of ascent.

This point determined, the next question to be decided was our down-hill route. Here was a division of the party and opinion. Some of us who put in pretensions to philosophy, argued in favor of unscrewing—*i. e.* reversing our line of riding, and descending by following back the spiral threads down to the base point from whence we had set out. But our Hotspurs, male and female, always in the majority, now outvoted us four to one, protesting against the tedious performance of unwinding ourselves, and two of our pretty petticoats actually made eloquent inflammatory speeches in favor of a direct dash down the steep, though every man, horse and woman of us should break limbs and necks in the headlong plunge, tumbling into a pile of human and equine debris at the bottom. Notwithstanding our unpleasant experiences in the Bolivian desert, into and through which the arbitrary will of our women absolutists had plunged us, the lesson was only laughed at, and Madcap Kate touched off the tinder train of determination by a touch of sarcastic taunt:

"Very well—you timid, careful gentlemen had better perhaps ride back the way we came, wasting a week and trotting two hundred miles to gain three. I won't do it! I'd break my neck first going—"

"*Do*, my darling! Success to ye, honey. Take the short-cut, and oblige me now," put in the handsome ex-captain of hussars.

"You're a great brute! so you are, Barney O'Harra; but I'll not break my neck to oblige you—see if I do. But I'll go straight down here."

"Then by my soul you'll be doing the first straight thing ye ever set about since ye had the honor of calling yourself Mrs. Kate O'Harra. Go straight down, my dear—"

"Steady so—down we go—Illimani from the East! Fall in and follow," Kate cried, leading the way.

"Cowards to the rear! Illimani from the East!" echoed the little Neapolitan, following the female O'Harra. Edith went next, then Inez, then Harry White, *el Lavandeira*, Senora Monteiro, Cator, Cosmo, and the doctor, all taking fire at Kate's taunt, determined to lead her a down-hill dance that should sober the Irish vixen or silence her spiteful tongue at least. We were successful in both.

Away we went—helter skelter—for the first mile, en masse, plunging and pitching, clinging tight to saddles, now and then letting fly a muttered malediction on crazy Kate. Then we began to scatter—some shooting out at acute angles, here and there a horse and rider turning a somersault, others taking flying leaps—some over, but more into brambled ravines, dropping out of sight, thinning out the riders to three before the lower end of the second mile was reached. The three fortunate riders were Cator, Edith Bond, and Capt. O'Harra. The remainder of the party were scattered broadcast over a course of half a mile in breadth, and down along the entire stretch of the second mile of the race.

After having a rough and tumble, down-hill roll with my horse, making, I think, some ten revolutions and an indefinite number of resolutions never to take "Illimani from the East" again, I got out clear, limping on both legs, and searching for Senora Inez first, as was natural, I found her lodged in the top of a scrub cedar in a little ravine, not much damaged, but awfully irate, declaring that Kate O'Harra ought to be killed, and she wouldn't wear a weed for her if she was.

Kate was not quite killed, but effectually quieted for a week. She had gone with her horse headlong over a ledge, lodging first in a thicket of thorny shrubs, and floundering down through these, had fallen *sheah* into a pit or pool of snow water, and somehow in going down the ledge and through the thorns, Kate had blackened an eye and lost an eye tooth, scratched face, hands and person into bleeding hideousness, and so stripped herself, that when we found her floundering about with her horse, in vain efforts to come out of her cold bath, her appearance was more like that of a nude naiad than the Irish beauty that twenty minutes previously had led the way, and defiantly dared us all to take Illimani from the East. But worst misfortune of all to poor Kate was, that she had bitten her tongue through and through, so that for the ten days that we lay by in the lovely valley at the foot of Illimani recruiting and repairing damages, it was next to nothing we heard of Kate O'Harra's music. Experience taught us that cutting across the screw was an exercise infinitely more difficult and dangerous than following the regular gradations of the spirals.

We knew both from hearsay, and some observations of our own, that the wooded region lying between us and the base of Sorrato, a stretch of some twenty leagues of dense, almost unbroken forest, abounded with many kinds of game animals, as well as some few families that are usually found "game" when hunted into close quarters, such as the puma, tiger, cougar and tapir. So as we had not enjoyed a real wide-awake forest hunt since leaving the country of the Rio de la Plata, after we were all pretty cleverly recovered from the effects of our down hill dash, a week's hunt was resolved upon, and one morning at daylight, armed and equipped for the chase, we went to the woods eastward, leaving pack horses and peons at the camp to which we were to return each evening.

We had a week of such exciting, wild sport as perhaps no other portion of the world can afford. The forest was literally alive and swarming with all sorts and sizes of wild animals, from the mite of a skipping marmasit to the ferocious *puma*, lord of the South American forest, and formidable rival of the African Cape lion. Many were our adventures, and much was the game slaughtered, to tell of which would require a volume rather than a column sketch. But the last half of our seventh day's hunting had in it an incident worth perhaps a paragraph or two.

Signora Florletta, Madam Cosmo and Harry White were riding some six or seven hundred yards in advance of the party, through a sort of level meadow grown up with rank grass, and here and there dotted with clumps of dwarf shrubs, resembling somewhat our North American sweet briar. Suddenly our advance guard came upon the lair of a monstrous male puma, who, breaking cover with a defiant roar, had suddenly fallen back scarcely thirty yards, when out sprang the female with a pair of pretty puma cubs fully two-thirds grown.

They should have known better, each and all of them, than to have made an assault upon or provoked an attack from such a family of savage brutes. But they forgot prudence and discretion in the excitement of the moment. Harry unhitched his rifle at the father of the family, missed the monster, and put his bullet into the hip of one of the cubs, who set up an unearthly yell, and set off on a slow, limping run towards a thick jungle lying half a mile or so in the rear. At first the parent pumas turned towards the party and menaced an attack, but a few shots from the ready revolvers taught them the folly of such a course, and so turning tail to, they began a retreat, keeping close together, the unwounded cub between them, their huge heads turned back towards their pursuers, eyes flashing, teeth gnashing, and roaring most unmercifully as they fell back.

Seeing the awkward predicament that our three outriders were running themselves into by following up and firing upon the retreating brutes in that manner, we put in spurs and dashed ahead to reinforce them. But before we had shortened the distance between us one half, it began to look very like as if we ourselves might need more reinforcements than we were likely to find. The firing and roaring of the roused pumas had started up and seemingly sent stark crazy a whole brigade of brutes of all shapes, classes and sizes ever seen in a South American forest—monkeys, tigers, tapirs, ant bears, wolves, leopards, peccaries and pumas, and such a squealing, chattering, growling, roaring and howling we had never been ear witnesses to before.

Falling in before us and between us and our friends in need, ten score of the frantic, frightened and furious beasts blockaded our way, some showing fight, some fear, and all a disposition to hurry on to the cover of the jungle in the shortest possible space of time.

Killing a few and riding over and through a legion, we kept up a running fight until we overtook our *compañeros*, whom we found as busily engaged as they had ever been at anything in the whole course of their lives. Harry White was having a lance tilt with the male monster puma, the brave little Neapolitan was more successfully strangling his furious mate with her *lariat*, while Minnie was doing her best with both lasso and lance to choke the life out of a mad tigress on one hand, and keep off a great overgrown tapir on the other.

A general engagement ensued, stubbornly contested for a while, but animal teeth, trunks and claws were not quite matches for rifles, revolvers, lassos and lances, trained horses, and hunters expert in such craft; and so, after some serious loss on the part of the enemy and a few sharp scratches on ours, the brute force retreated to the cover of the jungle, leaving us nominally victors, though we were well content to consider it a drawn battle.

A Strange Story.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times relates the following story as having gone the round of the French press:

M. de R——— having acquired a fortune in business, retired to a handsome property he possessed near Fontainebleau. Soon after his daughter Julie, twenty-one years of age, was asked in marriage by a gentleman of the neighborhood, and, in spite of her opposition and avowed repugnance, the wedding took place. In the evening the bride was missed, and the result of the researches made was only to find that the groomsman, who had been a friend of the young lady from infancy, had likewise disappeared. The father, like every one else, believed in an elopement, and all the usual means were employed to trace the fugitives, but unsuccessfully. This occurred five years ago, and M. de R———, having lately purchased some adjoining property on which was a quarry long out of use, set some men to work, who found at the bottom of an old excavation two skeletons, which, from the remains of the clothes and the jewels, were recognized as the missing bride and her lover.

A New Steamboat Propeller.

The method of propelling vessels by the expulsion of water from the vessel itself, has taken a new form, which is described in a recent number of the London Engineer. A vessel has been built by a Mr. Jopling, a retired iron founder, who employs his time in experimenting on steamboat propulsion. In his vessel the peculiarity consists of a horizontal centrifugal pump, with about one-half of the circumference enclosed by a casing. The pump being made to turn, the opening may be placed so as to face any direction, and according to the direction in which it is placed the jet of water thrown out will propel the boat forward or backward, to one side or to the other, or set it turning round as upon a pivot. A vessel with this machinery requires no rudder, and one man who sits at the stern may be both engineer and steersman. As the pump is horizontal and flat, it may be applied to boats of the lightest draft, and it is supposed will be valuable in the navigation of shallow rivers.

Not an Inviting Country.

A correspondent of a California paper, writing from Helena, Montana territory, gives the following account of that region. The allusion to Eastport is not very flattering to down east, but then it seems there are worse places in the country:

Thousands are leaving, and I find but few who are willing to winter here. Wormal says Eastport, Me., is a paradise compared to this country in the winter; Jacob says quicksilver freezes in the warmest Montana abodes. There was ice in my water bucket on the morning of July 5th. Tell my friends that when the world's revolutions so change as to bring this country on the equator, with heavy and continued showers, it will be time enough for them to visit it.

HOW MUCH CORN IN SEVENTY POUNDS OF EARS.—It is customary for Western farmers to sell their corn in the ear, and they give seventy pounds for a bushel. The Prairie Farmer is authority for saying that seventy pounds of old corn on the cob makes sixty-five pounds and thirteen ounces. Certainly this will more than pay any farmer for shelling his corn at home. On any prairie farm the cobs alone will pay for shelling, as they are worth nearly as much as coal, pound for pound.

MONEY MARRYING MONEY.—Miss Dundas Christopher Hamilton Nisbit, the richest marriageable lady in England, with an income of £60,000 a year, has just been betrothed to Lord Beauchamp, M. P., who already enjoys an income of £40,000 a year. The young couple ought to be able to set up housekeeping on their $300,000 a year.

☞ Mr. Bancroft perpetrated an unintentional joke—about "flashing beautiful women across the wires"—at the Century Club banquet to Cyrus Field. This has brought out several little stories about the historian, which have, on account of their charming simplicity, been called Bancroftana. Among others, it is said that, during a morning ride at Newport, last season, while *tete a-tete* with a charming young lady, the historian whispered, in the intervals of a trot, "Don't call me Mr. B.; call me George." The young woman said not a word, but some time after, in a large company at dinner, across the table, she said, "George, hand me the salt."

☞ The citizens of Dartmouth, Mass., who a year or two ago subscribed to a fund to pay bounties to recruits and hire substitutes, and now want to get their money back, turned out *en masse* on Monday and carried a vote, by a large majority, to assess the amount on the rolls and estates of the town, and refund the subscriptions.

☞ CHINA.—A country where the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels; where the old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south; where the place of honor is on the left hand and the seat of intelligence is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet and a language without a grammar.

☞ A train on the New York Central Railroad was stopped several times last week by a horse on board pulling the bell-rope with his teeth.

☞ The Boston police arrest people for playing cards on Sunday in private houses.

☞ READE THE NOVELIST.—A London correspondent says of Charles Reade: "Mr. Reade is a strange man—sometimes so eccentric in his way as to startle the people who are in his company. I have sat with him for an hour, and he has kept an absolute silence; on other occasions he has chatted with point and shrewdness in his talk."

SECRETS.

I have a secret in my heart,
And tell it unto none,
But I say it softly to myself
When I am all alone;
And I sing it gladly through the woods,
Beneath blue skies above,
And the happy birds take up the words
And shout them back "I love!"

I have another secret,
'Tis still happier than the first,
The secret is so full of joy,
My heart is like to burst,
But in the covert of the woods,
Where sing the birds so free,
With laugh and shout the words leap out
"I *know* my love loves me."

A Man Without Arms or Legs.

Arthur Kavanagh is a candidate for Parliament from Wexford county, Ireland:

Kavanagh is but the head and trunk of a man, and was born in that condition. He has but two little stumps, where the arms should be, and the same as regards the lower limbs. If elected, he should be borne into the House in men's arms, or in a machine of some sort, and taken to and fro at each division! He is a highly educated man, and the possessor of a large property, and is moreover, a famous sportsman. Strapped into a sort of bowl on his horse's back he rides like a very fiend after the hounds. He is also a great yachtsman, and a couple of years ago he published a handsome volume, giving an account of his voyage to Albania in his vessel, the Eva, so called after the wife of the Anglo-Norman chief, Strombow, the daughter of Dermod McMurrough, king of Leinster, from whom this Mr. Kavanagh is lineally descended. This King Dermod has an evil notoriety in Irish history, as it was he who first invited and brought over the English to this country. He sought their aid to enable him to resist the forces brought against him by Roderick O'Connor, King of Ireland, and the Prince of Brefug, whose wife had either eloped with Dermod or fled to his protection from her husband. It was on this incident that Moore founded his song of "The valley lay smiling before me," in which occur the well-known lines:

"On our side is virtue and Erin.
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

Mr. Kavanagh has in his possession a valuable portion of the estates of his ancestors, in Carlow and Wexford. He is not a bad man, but he has no popularity to speak of, and I doubt very much that he will obtain a seat in Parliament which he covets.

☞ SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.—The phenomena which usually presage, according to the notions of the very observant in such matters, the approach of a hard winter, are becoming very marked as the season progresses. Hives are overflowing with honey; the husks of corn are declared to be of extra thickness, and the furs of animals are pronounced exceedingly rich and heavy. It is observed, too, that the rats are travelling eastwardly in great numbers, and that the squirrels are making arrangements on an increased scale for the storage of nuts.—*Exchange.*

☞ Simon Barry, a Jew and a second-hand clothes dealer, was fined ten dollars and costs at Boston, the other day, for keeping his shop open on Sunday, despite his protestations that he had faithfully observed the Jewish Sabbath the day before, and didn't require two Sundays in one week.

☞ A young man from the country, who visited Cleveland, Ohio, the other day in search of employment, was asked by a man to whom he applied if he could ride horseback, and eagerly replied in the affirmative. His prospective patron told him he had an opening for a young man—a business that necessitated a great deal of travelling. The applicant declared that he should like nothing better than to travel for a living, and a bargain was soon struck between the two; but he was somewhat chagrined at finding that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse in a circular track for the laudable purpose of grinding tan bark. He declined the proposition.

Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly.

☞ The Rochester Advertiser says that belief has obtained credence in that city that many cases of typhoid fever, in certain families in which that disease has raged, has been induced by old wall paper, one layer upon another having for years been pasted on.

☞ LIBERAL MEN.—It is a singular fact that the man who has been most liberal to the poor of London is not an Englishman but an American; and the man who proposes to spend $5,000,000 for the poor of New York is not an American but an Irishman. They obtained their riches, however, in the cities they would benefit.

☞ Mending roads by steam is one of the latest improvements or inventions which has appeared in Paris. The Port Royal bridge in that city was macadamized in one night recently by means of a steam roller weighing seventy thousand pounds.

☞ Swinburne's sensuousness runs, naturally enough, to kisses—burning, scorching kisses—in his new book. In one instance he says he "dare not always touch" his love, "lest the kiss leave my (his) lips charred." The Advertiser recalls a parallel case where

"The monkey married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her,
Kissed so hard he raised a blister;
She set up a yell!"

☞ SICK PERSONS.—To the famous Dr. Abernethy is accredited the remark that there are three classes of sick persons, viz: those who think they are sick; those whose friends think they are sick; and those who really are sick—and that the latter generally die.

☞ A number of young women, belonging to families formerly in affluent circumstances in Georgia, are now employed in setting type in some of the printing offices of that state. This is much to their credit.

☞ Each morning at the Paris station of the Western Railway there may be seen great vats full of sea-water brought from Dieppe. This water is used for baths and aquaria, which increase in number in Paris. There is even now in Paris a merchant who deals in nothing but salt water. It is a new trade, as may be imagined.

☞ The height of patience is a deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sun dial.

Editing a Newspaper.

There are people who think it an easy matter to edit a newspaper; men who think that any person of education can succeed in the profession. But the truth is, there are comparatively few men who succeed in it, and far the reason that they do not regard it as a profession. It is, moreover, a laborious profession, when pursued with industry sufficient to insure success. The London *Daily Post* furnishes this paragraph, which gives a great deal of truth in a few lines: "A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is, like a general or poet, born—not made. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, and writers of travels have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all, for after a display of brilliancy, brief, but grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. 'I can,' said a late editor of *The Times* to Moore, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one of common sense.' Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli, failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Phillips succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters, and combines; and to do all this well he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper is another."

☞ Edward Everett's heirs lately received a letter addressed to him by a Texan, who had not heard of his death, begging Mr. Everett to write him a eulogy on the Confederate dead, which he could deliver to audiences at 50 cents a head, and so make a living. The modest man did not desire an address more than two hours long, "full of chaste imagery, classical diction, and analytical emphasis."

☞ California, which in 1857 imported about 50,000 barrels of flour, can export this year, according to the estimate of the California Farmer, something like two-and-a-half millions of barrels.

☞ A country friend says the painting of his front door to resemble oak and his steps to resemble granite is a perfect success. Everybody sees at once that it is imitation.

☞ TALLEYRAND'S SNUFF BOX.—It was double, two snuff boxes joined together by a common bottom. The one was politely offered to an acquaintance; the other, never to be polluted by the finger and thumb of another person, was reserved for himself. Here we recognize the diplomatist, so eternally on his guard, that when a lady requested his autograph, he wrote his name on the very top of the sheet of paper handed to him.

☞ There has been filed in the Recorder's office of Cincinnati a formal article of agreement, in view of marriage, duly signed and stamped. It contained a provision that, whereas Katrine was the possessor of some household furniture, and the proprietress of a female employment business, she in consideration of one dollar, and other valuable considerations, paid to Franz, was to remain the sole possessor of the furniture and of the business. It was further stipulated that the future husband should maintain the future household.

☞ The fashion of Paris ladies for the winter will include stuck-up collars and a cravat like those the men wear.

☞ Mrs. Saturn, one of the ladies-in-waiting upon the sun, is said to have been the first lady that wore hoops. High authority for the fashion, that; and the way men have been gazing at them for ever so many years shows that they admire them.

☞ ON HIS GUARD.—A gentleman who had borrowed money of all his friends, at last applied to an old Quaker, who said, "Friend Fordyce, I have known several persons ruined by *two dice*; and I will take care not to be ruined by *Four dice*."

☞ Josh Billings says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor, but virtuous young man struggling with a moustache.

☞ "If," says a French Chesterfield, "you want to be in the latest fashion, hold your fork in your left hand. If you don't care a d-doit about fashion, it should be left in the right hand."

☞ The gamekeeper at St. Cloud has taught a parrot to fly across the Emperor's path when out shooting, and jabber out "Vive l'Empereur!" in his sight. The Emperor is much pleased at this act of devotion.

☞ THE NEWEST BONNET.—The last French novelty, patronized by Eugenie, is the square head-dress of Spain, and has a long veil attached. The veil may be made either of plain or figured net, and it falls over the shoulders, being fastened in front with an *agrafe*, either of flowers or precious stones.

☞ Tracts which purport to be copies of a letter from the Saviour, are being hawked about in the North of France. It enjoins the people to frequent the sacraments with assiduity, and to keep the holy Sabbath.

☞ "I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir!" "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa, and he shan't hear it."

☞ The London Saturday Review has an article brim full of points, showing how much afraid Napoleon is of the men of genius who write their books in exile. The fact is, the brains and soul of France are to-day outside of it.

☞ Lynched individuals in Texas are spoken of as having "been sent up the branch."

☞ Scene: Young lovers on the balcony. Time, evening. Mr. Billin—"Oh, how calm, how sweet and peaceful the moon looks!' Miss Cohen—"Yes; but don't you think it looks very conspicuous?"

☞ In Dublin, a great Methodist orator once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that "he had better hereafter let other people's wives alone."

☞ A merchant of Brest has chartered the Great Eastern to ply between that port and New York during the great exhibition. He has calculated that she will carry 3,000 persons each trip.

☞ The quantity of paper used every year in England represents a weight of about two hundred and twenty millions of pounds. France uses one hundred and ninety-five millions of pounds; while the United States of America, with a much smaller population, consumes more paper than England and France put together, viz.: four hundred and forty millions of pounds.

☞ A MODERN GUY FAWKES.—They call John Bright the modern Guy Fawkes, because he is engaged in "blowing up" Parliament.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" have resolved to reduce their terms to club subscribers for the coming year, and to offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up the clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of January, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1867, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1867—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. This is both a liberal and an unusual offer—and will probably never be repeated.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) - - - - - $2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies	- - - - -	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)		$20.00
4 "	- - - - -	6.00	20 "	" " "	28.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club	8.00	25 "	" " "	35.00
8 "	" " "	12.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend		4.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth	$3.00
" 2.	For 3	"	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth	7.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	10.00
				or a Silver Plated Castor, worth	10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth	12.00
				or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth	12.00
" 4.	For 12	"	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth	14.00
" 5.	For 15	"	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	20.00
" 6.	For 20	"	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth	25.00
" 7.	For 24	"	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	28.00
" 8.	For 30	"	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth	35.00
" 9.	For 50	"	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth	55.00
" 10.	For 40	"	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	50.00
" 11.	For 50	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth	75.00
" 12.	For 80	"	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth	80.00
" 13.	For 80	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth	75.00
" 14.	For 75	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth	110.00
" 15.	For 75	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth	110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth	200.00
" 17.	For 40	"	"	one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c.,	55.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us one dollar, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to these only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 18 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

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D'OUTRE MORT.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

FROM THE GALAXY.

A mountain intervale all velveted in green, and half the verdure overlaid with gold by broad rays of sunset falling level through the pass—the hills, behind, a gray and gloomy encampment softened with wreaths of vapor and dim recesses of deepest purple, and here and there above the gaps a pale star trembling on the paler blue. In spite of the approaching night, there was a gay glad strength about the scene, so that all who saw it might have felt light at heart, as if the rocky rampart shut out the sorrows of the world and made the charmed valley an enchanted place.

They had been mowing in the intervale; half-formed haycocks, picturesquely piled along the meadows, loaded the air with heavy sweetness; in one, partly overthrown, a lounger lolled luxuriously, singing idly to himself that little Venetian song of Browning's, to some tune delightful as the words:

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows, just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers thrust
To look you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on summer eves?

The perfumed wind blew softly over the singer, like a placid breath; the sense of gathering evening hung above him; he lay upon the billowy hay as if it were a cloud; he was a voluptuary in his pleasures; well for him if they were always as innocent.

A young girl approached the singer, swinging her hat as she came, and radiant in the low sunshine.

She was named Orient—either because she seemed, with her golden locks, her fresh fair tints, like an impersonation of morning and the East, or because when she was born hope's day-star rose again in her mother's forlorn heart. Such a lovely yet half-fantastic creature was she, that you hardly believed in her existence when away from her.

"What are you looking for, Orient?" said the lounger.

"The fountain of youth," answered her silvery tones. "It should be somewhere in this happy valley."

"You do not need it," he replied, after a lingering glance.

She stooped and extricated a long sweet-briar bough from the hay with which it had been bent but not cut down, and twisted it, still blossoming, round and round her head till it made a fragrant diadem of rosy stars.

"Do not," said Reymund. "Take it off; or I shall have to do as Voltaire did: erect my long, thin body and stand before you like a point of admiration!"

Orient did not reply, and, fulfilling his threat, he went on by her side to the old farm-house that had been turned into a summer hostelry for guests. More stars were beginning to steal forth in the tender firmament; the breeze blew down more freshly from the hills and brought the big dews and scattered starbeams with it; music was hushed, and all the world was still. It was summer evening, yet an unreal kind of summer, as summer might be in a distant dream, blown over by cool, awakening winds. Now and then Orient stopped to pick up a great butterfly that had fallen benumbed from its perch and lay it gently to rest among the leaves, without brushing a speck of dust from its freckled wings; after that her fingers worked in a vine by the way, and she pulled aside a tendril that kept a sleepy flower from shutting up its petals. As she did so, a little mother-bird upon her eggs stirred and briefly twittered out her secret to Orient's ear. Reymund, who loitered in waiting for her, thought she seemed, as much as any of them, like a flower, a moth, a bird herself, a beautiful and almost dumb existence of nature.

He was not a man easily intimidated, or of unvaried experience; but the thin atmosphere of awe about this girl was something he had never penetrated; the ease with which he met another, toward her became impertinence; gay and careless with many, he felt that she was something apart, sacred as a passion flower; he scarcely dared approach her lightly; when he spoke to her he crossed himself in his heart.

They had never met until a month ago, yet their address had been familiar almost from the first; on her side, through a large-eyed, child-like fearlessness; on his—he could not have answered why. He watched her as one watches a clear planet glow steadily from the soft, golden sky, but he seemed nevertheless to know all her characteristics without studying them—he imagined that to one weary of trifle and artifice and the hollow way of the world, here was the rest divine. Yet beyond a point, he found this cool, remote being inaccessible—as though there had been a gulf between them. He knew not how to call the blush to her cheek, the sparkle to her eye; if she had been some alien creature she might have been nearer—to enrich her with human love was as fruitless effort as scattering the pollen of a rose into the heart of a cold white lily. And yet, Reymund knew—as if through the same natural operations as those by which his pulse was made to beat, his breath to draw—that Orient's soul needed his for its entireness; that his soul required hers, all as much as a star needed its atmosphere, a flower its fragrance, the earth itself its spheral roundness. It was not so much that he already loved her passionately, as that he felt himself lost without her; he had been in Orient's presence, it seemed, all the time that he had ever lived; how could he then depart from it? If that which was a clod suddenly found itself a bed of blossom, how could it ever return again to dreary earthliness?

He watched her now approaching. Had any one said that she trailed lustre behind her as she walked, he would have answered that he had seen it. Not to speak to her of any grace or charm or perfection that she possessed—why, these things were herself, her identity, sacred and secret; as easily to some skiey messenger of solemn heaven commend his airy flight!

"In what wonderful ways these mountains change their expression," said Reymund, as she joined him again at last.

"Yes," she replied, "they are different beings every hour."

"A little while ago," he continued, "they seemed like an army of giants sitting down to besiege the valley; now they are a wall between us and mankind, death cannot break through it, sickness cannot cross it."

"They are more alive than that," said Orient. "This old sombre one moved aside just now to make room for the little alp laughing over his shoulder, with the rosy vapor streaming high on her face."

"Perhaps you hear what they are saying to one another, then?" he asked, half jestingly.

"I often do."

"And you will translate?"

"No. In the first place you would laugh; in the last place, disbelieve."

"On my soul—no!"

"I am not certain that you have a soul!"

"Indeed? Is it so?" half sadly.

"They say what the torrents rushing down by Chamouni say!"

"Ah! And at other times?"

"They talk of the beginning of the earth, and conjecture concerning the end of things."

"And do they take any notice of you? Nature always seems to me careless and indifferent."

"They invite me to come up and lie down on their great sides where the sun has lain all day before me. Yes, they always smile upon me."

"Do not go—at least until the mamma and I go with you."

"I should not be afraid alone."

No—fear had never found the depths of those liquid, lucent eyes, he thought. "The mountains might be civil enough," he rejoined, "and give you their purple berries to eat, their wild white brooks to drink—but I could not answer for the black bears and snakes."

"I think I could."

"And this, of course is only what you interpret the hills to mean, sitting there in their grim conclave and affording us such a narrow coronal of sky?" asked Reymund, smiling.

"I do not know," she answered, doubtfully. "I said things were real to me."

"There must have been those like you, who first saw and believed in fairies and all the goblin people," he said, still smiling.

"My father died before I was born," said Orient. "Perhaps that gave me some lien upon the spiritual world."

"Then you see bogies as well as other things—as well as the personalities of bud and bird and granite pile? Uncanny creature! What pleasure shall I take in meeting your glance when it rests also on a dead man behind me, and on the fetch of one about to join the innumerable caravan beside me? I must take my revenge normally and in kind—if I die before you, you shall surely have a visitation from me. How should you like that?"

"You would be just as welcome then as now," she answered gravely.

"An equivocal compliment. Nevertheless, I accept it as a challenge. Will you promise its counterpart?"

"When I die," said Orient, "I shall have other things to do."

"But I would like to see a ghost, just to be assured that there are such things."

"As if there could be any doubt!"

"You understand, then," he said, as she went in under the low woodbine-curtained door, "that at some time—when time shall be no more—I will cast my shadow at your feet!"

It was an hour later that, while he still strolled in the short, wet grass and enjoyed the rich, half dusky atmosphere, he heard Orient singing gently from her window, as she leaned out upon the cool, star-sown air, and the song seemed to belong to her, like a natural expression, as to the night the night-wind, or to the dark the dew:

In the evening over me leaning,
Often I fancy a waving wing,
And with the warning of blushing morning
Softly glimmers the same fair thing.

Oh, bright being, beyond the seeing
Of aught but the spirit that feels you near,
Your white star leaving, and earthward cleaving,
You break the murk of this mortal sphere.

Still, sweet stranger, in peace or danger,
Out of the air above me bloom,
And heaven's own sweetness in such completeness
Drop on my head from your shining plume!

Even while he heard her singing, the sense of her remoteness gave Reymund a slight shudder. If she had been one shade more human; if he had ever seen her moved by any sparkle of wit, and drollery of humor, into a frolicking outburst of laughter, by any mischievous vexation into a flash of anger, a season of pettishness—but no, such little incidents affected her no more than thistle-down affects the wind; and recognising it, Reymund knew that he loved her, yet felt somehow as he felt who had pledged a bridal ring upon the finger of a ghost; as that youth felt, perchance, whose beautiful mistress was after all a ghoul. He need not have concerned himself; Orient had no especial care for him; he passed before her, busy in her world of dreams, like a shadow; if she smiled upon him, it was as she smiled on everything else about her, as she smiled on the pink-wreathed peach bough, on the urchin tumbling in grass, on the sunbeam overlaying both, on blue sky or on rainy weather; though, indeed, for the latter, Orient had superfluous smiles; she was always sunny herself upon a stormy day; she used to say that it seemed as if nature had grown so familiar with her that she could afford to receive her and show herself to her in undress. Perhaps, had Reymund been more free himself from the soil and stain of earth, Orient would not have been so intangible.

They were going one day up the mountain, Orient, her mother, the guide and Reymund, the first two riding, Reymund and the guide on foot. The air was so clear that it seemed like living in the inside of a crystal; everything stood with sharp outlines, as if drawn with a burin upon the deep substance of the blue: far away tender gauzes took up the distance, but that was merely on the outside edges of the world. After they had exhausted the view from the wide-reaching summit, where the eye seemed to wrest from the Creator more than had ever been given to it, they went below into the shelter of the great rocks and lunched. It was late in the afternoon ere they remounted and sought their way down the long descent. The path which had been slight with difficulties in climbing was now full of downward terrors. Orient bent far back in her seat, unable to see where her horse would plant his feet. It seemed to her that he was stepping over sheer abysses, and just as she herself went sliding and slipping forward over his head and down, a strong arm from an unseen form behind the cliff, round which she had just wound, would grasp her, and Reymund would hold her firm till the beast stood four-square again. It was to her a thing like the arm of Providence made visible to faith. Suddenly the girth broke, and but for that strong arm on the instant outstretched, Providence itself alone knows what would have become of her. Reymund caught her then as she reeled from the saddle, and placed her on the ground. The horse, startled by the unexpectedness of the affair, fled forward; the guide left the bridle he had held behind and pursued him. Catching the rein with a jerk and oath, he dealt such a blow with his boot that the animal lost his balance and fell, and would have rolled over the precipice but for a prostrate tree. In a moment what Reymund had wanted to see was granted him. Orient sprang forward, her face aflame, her eyes like balefires. The guide, amazed, as one might be at the sight of an avenger in his path, obeyed her single word, her vehement gesture, and plunged down the way and left them.

"Orient! what have you done?" cried her mother.

"Well, well, mamma," answered the suddenly convicted and penitent one, "we can follow his red cap."

But the guide, twice too cunning, hid himself in underhung paths that he knew, and they had not a sign or signal for aid.

Nevertheless, Reymund gladly accepted this fate because of the thing that brought it, and at which another man would have looked askance. This thing, this little temper, had proved to him that Orient was human—and therefore, to be won. He raised the pony, remounted Orient, and did his best in place of their faithless leader, trusting more to the instincts of the animals themselves than to any mountaincraft of his own.

The sharp outlines of distant peaks began to burn and blacken, those of the nearer rock and stunted shrub to grow diffuse; the air was keen and chill, a reddening sunset smouldered in clouds below them and shut out the world, a cold, wet mist below threatened to come creeping up around them. The horses neighed to each other, grew jaded and uncertain, stopped. Masses of impassable rock closed them in on every side, save the narrow defile through which they came and the precipice below; the atmosphere was purple with shade and clung to them in dew; already one star hung out its blue lamp.

"We can go no further," said Reymund. "This spot is more sheltered than any we are likely to find. Let us do what we can for comfort, and wait for the morning."

The mother bewailed herself; but Orient made cheer, and while Reymund corralled the horses, she was busy collecting twigs and splinters and bits of wood and dry moss in a pile.

"Light them with your matches, Reymund," she said. "A cigar will keep you warm, but we need a bit of blaze, perhaps."

"When it is darker," he replied; "you will need it more a little nearer to the witching time."

"Do you imagine we shall see witches?"

"Take care, or you will see stars."

He rode along through the silent night,
She swam like a star to his left and right,

sang Orient. "After all, it is not the Walpurgis Night."

"If we could only have a cup of tea!" sighed the mamma, at a loss for her luxuries in the wilderness.

"It will be so much more refreshing to-morrow," said Orient. "And seasoned with romance—a dash of danger—your first adventure, little mother."

But the little mother had no fancy for adventures; and while her daughter lost all her serenity and was crazy with delight at the wild beauty of the thing, she grew more and more lachrymose, and afforded at last a good background of shower for all Orient's rainbows. Thereon Orient, sitting down, put her arms round her and comforted her, till the mother became herself somewhat alive to the circumstance that one seldom saw such a scene twice in a lifetime.

They had remained on the rocky platform where they paused, a shelf that after a few yards ended in an abrupt fall that led away by a course of stark precipices into the great valley beneath. This valley, filled with rolling vapor, whose volumes, smitten by sunset, were fused in splendid color, made a pavilion of clouds beneath them where billows of fleecy crimson and shining scarlet curdled together into creamy crests, here seeming to lash in feather-white foam against the base of some crag, and there letting a late sunbeam plough through spaces of a violet-dark drift till they were all inwrought with gold. Above them the cold and mighty heaven was already faintly but thickly strewn with stars.

"Into what awful and glorious region are we translated!" cried Orient. "We are above the world and the people of the world. Are we flesh and blood?"

"The free spirits of the air 'have no such liberty' as this of ours," said Reymund.

"It is just as if we were dead!" shivered the mamma. "And I'm sure it's cold enough for that!"

Orient wrapped the shawls about the doleful little woman, while Reymund opened his knapsack for any remnants of lunch that might afford them consolation. He kindled the fire, too, for the colors were fading away beneath, and the sky was getting gloomy overhead; and warmed and enlivened in the genial light of the briefly crackling blaze, they forgot that they were lost upon the mountain, and all the possible horrors of their fate. But to Reymund there were few horrors in it, for if he died of exposure and starvation there on the bald, pitiless mountain, it would be with Orient in his arms at last.

While the fire crackled, Reymund found in his breast-pocket a tiny flask of cordial, which he divided into three portions. "Drink it," he said to them, "and make it take the place of the tea. It is Chartreuse—oily sunshine—distilled from the cones of some old fir-tree. First cousin to the cedars of Lebanon, for all I know. Mark how you taste hemlock in it. Socrates poisoned with hemlock? No, no; he drank himself to death on Chartreuse."

Orient heard him indignantly. "I do not like it," said she, when her turn came, and left hers in the horn. Reymund laughed; he hesitated a moment, then tossed it off himself.

The fire did not last them long, for all the twigs they could collect were scanty; the blaze had heated the rock a little, they drew closer to it, and the mother, curling up against it in her shawls, composed herself as she could for slumber—the voices of Orient and Reymund, from where they still sat and talked together, lulled her as the murmur of the waterfall lulled sleep himself. Orient was repeating Jean Ingelow's dream of her lover fallen and dead among the hills, with its vague and awsome imagery. "I do not understand," she said, as she ceased, "this solicitude that my mother and so many others feel concerning their burial-place. I love life, delicious life—but if we die and lie unburied

here forever among the lonely precipices, it will not matter any more to us than it did to the youth." And she repeated again:

The first hath no advantage—it shall not soothe his slumber
That a lock of his brown hair his father ay shall keep;
For the last, he nothing grudgeth, it shall naught his quiet cumber
That in a golden mesh of *his*, callow eaglets sleep.

Reymund quaked at the moment, as he thought of any lustrous lock of Orient's curling out of the fierce beak that should tear it away from the white brow. Then he said: "Too philosophic by half. As for me, with the first peep of day in this high meridian, I shall be up and doing, and find a way to our level again or—perish in the attempt."

"Resolved to perish any way. Give you liberty or give you death. *I* do not feel in such a hurry to be gone. How silent and solemn it is—what a clear darkness—listen a moment and catch the sough of that pine forest far beneath, like the wings of some great spirit sifting the air. I have never been so near heaven. I understand now why in the Bible they so often withdrew into a high mountain."

Reymund did not answer her. "Say your prayers, innocent one," was what he thought. "Wherever you are, there heaven is near."

By-and-by Orient crept closer to her mother for mutual comfort, wound her own cloak round her like a chrysalis, and drowsed and dreamed.

Reymund sat beside her, his knees drawn up, his hands clasped around them. It was very cool; the air was so still that he wondered at the absence of a stinging frost, and he hugged himself thus for warmth. Orient stirred in her half-recumbent sleep, and her head fell on his shoulder. After that, the solid mountain was less immovable than he. He let the beautiful head remain, watching it with downcast, side-long gaze; if he had longed with all his heart to smooth one tress, to put his arm over her in a sheltering embrace, he dared not touch her. Something said to him that she was of a grade above, as the disembodied is beyond the clay; said, too, that whatever lovely or fine there might be in himself, the thickness of the outer wrapping rendered it invisible to her; that for Orient to read him right he must wait for another life. In spite of all that, he hoped—hoped madly and wildly, there in the chill night, with the beautiful head fallen on his shoulder and the sweet, warm breath stealing gently across his bending brow. He had a strange fancy now and then that out of the encircling shadow a great face came and looked—whether that of some uncreated thing, some phantasm of his brain, or that of some celestial being, some resident of vast spaces, or only a wild beast, a big, brown bear, roving on their tracks and coming to peer about their unprotected bivouac. Whatever it was, it retired as often as it came, awed in its turn, he thought, by the sweet innocence of that golden head. A late moon rose down over the low side of the earth as he still sat there; he knew it by the strange coppery light that began to glow through the vapors that yet filled the gulfs beneath, and boil them to a scum of dark, dun gold; then at last a broad beam parted the tumbling and sulphurous fogs, and the bright, thin crescent of the waning moon cut itself out on a clear air behind the horn of the hill, and, as if swinging from its sharp cusp, hung the watery diamond of the morning star. Still Reymund did not lift the head from his shoulder; he chose rather that the fair apparition of daybreak at this height above the earth might happen to him, as if through the imposition of that dear and tender touch. By-and-by she stirred restlessly—the spell of her slumber was breaking; he moved away gently and left her the rock for a pillow. When the heavens were paling and retreating in a mist of star-breath, and when all the world was whitening about her and the great floor of cloud beneath was inwrought by dawn with sparks of fire, so that they seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of flame and snow, Orient awoke.

No hero in his self-restraint, in one wild, forgetful moment of that morning, Reymund told Orient that he loved her.

She repulsed him so gently that it gave him reason to hope: yet so firmly that he could do nothing but despair.

He urged that she was unconscious of herself, that she did not know her own heart, nor what it wanted, that he had approached her inner life more nearly than another might ever do; that give him time and chance and he could not fail to win her.

She only answered that she was not won.

Before, in their windings and wanderings, they had reached the foot of the mountain that day, they met their recusant and repentant guide coming up with others in search of them, and all their toil and trouble were over.

Reymund's holiday was over, too. He was to return next day to his home, to engagements previously formed and not to be disregarded.

"At least," he said to Orient, not sadly, but with a certain vigor of intention in his tone, "you will allow me to visit you at your mother's house?"

"You could not do a kinder thing," answered Orient, feeling now the gap that he would leave, and which nothing could quite fill, and willing to grant him anything but what he most desired.

"Then you will see me on Saturdays."

"Every Saturday!" she exclaimed, with a bright face that made his heart bound. "That is too much to ask."

"Of you, perhaps; not of me. Sunday is a spare day; if I use it for God's worship, it shall be at what shrine I please—St. Orient's or another's."

"And it is such a long ride," demurred she, remembering the miles on miles of low seacoast country threaded with rivers and inlaid with marshes, that he must cross, all day flying along through their damp breath and salt winds. "Nine hours; I am afraid I ought not to allow it. And yet—and yet, nine or nineteen, it shall make no difference."

Orient had hesitated in her last sentence, wondering how she could deny herself the sympathy in her little pursuits that through this time she had received from Reymund. She had not encountered it before; it was delightful to her; perhaps it only had not taught her love because she did not know what love was. She had but little knowledge of human nature, almost none at all of her own nature: she preferred natural religion before theology, natural history with its grandiose revolutions, before the petty struggles of warriors and diplomatists which her view was not broad enough to throw into epochs and revolutions more grandiose yet; it was Reymund who had taught her to look with kindly curiosity upon the lives of those about her, in hopes, it may be, of teaching her at last to look in upon her own. Of that she was unaware; but the interest in the flower never found before to-day, the discovery of the bird whose note had ravished the ear last sunset, the hunt up brook-side and hill for a fragment of quartz that should have a mountain range and outlying spurs of amethyst crystals, or one full of imbedded beryls, the shining hexagons like drops of light filtered through sea water, or any heap of blooded garnets, a blaze of concrete color; the search into the age of the old pine tree on the precipice; into the mountain strata, and the wonderment concerning that day of the earth's date on which they were upheaved; the tracing out the path of some glacier with all its ancient and icy terrors overgrown by the verdant moss and turf of the moraine; the perpetual looking for the Maker's fingers in his work—all this, and such as this, she would miss and must resign if she forbade those recurring Saturdays. And then on the other hand, a friend to meet with the results of work, the choice book, the week's research, its thought, its fancy: she who had had no intimates, few friends—

Reymund did not wait for her to balance her ideas.

"The train arrives," said he, "by five o'clock—a little before. Every Saturday, therefore, at five o'clock, I shall be in your drawing-room."

The thing was settled, then, without her. She began all at once to fear that, after all, it would not happen so; he would let other things creep between; when he was fairly at a distance from her he would be angry with her for having quite failed to feel that entire satisfaction in him, to give him that love which, in a high ideal, she believed to be due from every woman to her husband; a thousand things would hinder.

"I can hardly believe it," she said.

"I am too happy when you doubt it," he replied, half reading her thoughts. "It gives me hope; for we can easily believe that to which we are indifferent. How can I be hindered when I will it—and when you wish it?" The blush that streamed up her temples doubly pleased him. "Do not doubt it!" he exclaimed, with more vivacity than so small a thing appeared to demand. "For, see, I swear it! I will be with you on each Saturday at five o'clock, with your permission, until the day I die!"

So, dropping her hand, he went down the lane to the coach. But, looking back, he saw her still standing in the doorway, hung with such drooping drapery of woodbine round her head, the sunlight lying in a glory on her golden hair, the downy bloom upon her cheek as though it were a peach, a smile upon her lip, and Heaven's own blue within her eye—she seemed the incarnation of a summer sunrise. He saw the riotous wind lift one curl and twine it with the next, drop the petal of a rose upon her mouth, kiss and kiss again her ivory forehead, free and welcome where he dared not venture—and the love in his heart made the blood boil hotly up his veins to cheek and brow—and for all testimony to his thrilling passion, he only cried, "Every Saturday, at five o'clock!" and was away.

But before Reymund plunged afresh into the exterior world, which, for these weeks, had been shut from his sight, he turned aside for one last out-look upon pleasure. Thus it happened that he left the train at an earlier station than the one near Orient's home, partly to avoid recognition in the future, partly for the sake of mounting and subduing a spirited horse which had been brought up to tear himself into a foam at sight of the engine. Reymund meant to gratify himself that day with a stroll through Orient's garden and among the haunts of her bright youth. No one would have taken him for anything but an apparition, who saw him galloping down the long country roads in a cloud of dust. When he had conquered the angry temper of the beast he abated his gait and paced slowly along the margin of the twice-mown meadows, splendid in noon sunshine, over the shaven surfaces of rusty reds and browns, into which they shaded all their gilded verdure. Now and then a bittern cried from the bank of a tiny thread of the tide, other notes were hushed, there was only to be heard through the wide midday air the unbroken treble of the crickets, across which the rich horns of the locusts thrilled like the elfin trumpets of a Summer's state. Reymund hitched his horse, found a penetrable portion of the garden paling, and entered.

It was a large, old garden, laid out, fifty years ago, perhaps, in a kind of pleasaunce; for in one place a slight hill rose above the rest, while paths wandered round into new and unsuspected regions; in another a brook meandered and sang silverly over shining pebbles, and among arrow-heads and lily-pods, and, dallying, went its way at last to empty into some tide-streak and find the sounding sea that called to it all night. Weeds, of course, had overgrown the beds, the untrained grapes hung heavily from wall and trellis, wasps and blackbirds made merry together with the nectar of ripening pears, plum and peach dropped ungathered from the bough; vine and tendril, leaf, and spray, and branch, and blossom, all wrought themselves to a delicious tangle of perfume, and rustle, and color. Here, through the beautiful and envious weeds, a gladiolus reared his flames, a larkepur absorbed the very blue, a carnation scattered spice, here honeysuckles still blew out a perfect fragrance, while mourning-brides, and gilly-flowers, and spiked lavender, and pansies sowed the air with their old-fashioned sweetness. The soft, lonely sky stretched away over the garden and the meadows to haze itself round low and distant woods, and all the empty air seemed sad and desolate between—the fulness and richness of life at its high noon touching close upon the anti-climax of desert solitude. Through the place a light east wind was blowing that had in it a tonic for the lungs like the sparkle of champagne. And, somehow, through all the spaces of the neglected garden the spell of Orient seemed complete. There Orient must have stood to twine that white rose upon the porch; there her fingers must have twinkled among the young vine-leaves; there, on that bank of turf, she must many an afternoon have sate at work; there, in the shallow crystal of the brook, she had waded with white feet to set the water plants. These lichen-covered apple trees had shed, how many a spring time, the rosy snow of their petals around her head; these gnarled old bergamots had dropped their pulpy globes into her hands; this nut tree put out its leaves on the day when she was born; her little feet had worn these paths. The garden was the shadow of Orient herself, reduced to dumb and to material things. He wondered what it would be by the magic of moonlight—the whole place silvered over with tranquil sheen, and raised from every day's dull sight into the dreamy and ideal—full of cool dew, and silence, and holy hush, as if it waited on her white sleep. Just under his feet, where the seed had been thrown in handfuls, he traced, written out with blue forget-me-nots, the name of Orient.

It would not do for him to stay much longer here; he should grow wild with hopes and fancies, for all he knew, tread out that lovely name with his heel. She must, she should be won! He clutched a cluster of the forget-me-nots, quickly escaped the labyrinth, galloped back to the station at a rate that streaked his chafing steed—and so away from dreams to life and real work.

Thus Reymund returned to his routine; bills, and lawsuits, and politics, routes and rides; they were not calculated to lift him to any higher level than the old one.

And Orient and her mother came home; the mother having made quite as close acquaintance with the mountains as she cared to do.

Saturdays, now, surely as they came, brought Reymund under the same roof with Orient. Perhaps in their brief indulgence he found pardon for all the sins of the week—for the week had its sins, its little trivial condoning of misdemeanors as unimportant, matters which lowers one as steadily and certainly over the great pit, as block and tackle might do over another. On Sunday nights, when he glided away in the outward train, he felt as if it were an easy thing to maintain the height to which, by Orient's side, he gained; but after a Monday morning on the exchange, after a Tuesday night in the salon, after his evening gallop on the horse possessed with the spirit of Satan, he said to himself, "It is of no use. Nature is too crude in me, too gross a strain, too deep a dye. I should be like Shelley's rock in the black abyss, that

Has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and, with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down.

The thing is to abandon." Yet Saturday's sunset shone for him again always over Orient's garden.

He had come one evening and found Orient among the grape-vines, playing with a parcel of little children, as pretty, bright and fresh as a bunch of flowers. After the hubbub of business, the dust of travel, this garden, in a far outlying city suburb stretching toward the sea, seemed as pure and innocent as Eden. On Sunday morning, when the air soared illumined with a stiller lustre, when the azure deepened as if fresh-washed by sacred rains and dews, when the winds bore no murmur but that of ripening leaf and floating petal, when the birds themselves seemed to sing in the Sabbath, and all the wide world to be gladly and tranquilly conscious of the day—they went to church together. If Orient was rapt in the worship, Reymund was at an exaltation as high for him—rapt in his worship of her. By times this very thing lifted him into the upper region, his soul rose buoyant on the prayer and praise, and floated forward like a waif on the full tide of the organ's music. When, afterward, he found himself and his sentience again, he said the thing was in him—could he but keep the pitch—were Orient forever by him to give him that key-note. But alone we come into this world, alone we go out of it. Neither Orient nor another could, for all eternity, give the tone to any soul; that discord or that harmony which one shall make must be the result of one's own being.

He sate with Orient, in the afternoon, on the bank of turf that sloped down to the clear, brown brook, in whose bed many a diving and dipping sunbeam wrought mosaics of light and shade with the shining pebbles. The brook rustled and lilted on its way, a bird above it turned its burden into melody, now and then a waft of wind rippled all its course till the lily leaves shivered and turned up their crimson linings, soft clouds chased one another across the sky—everything around wore the bloom of peace and pleasure.

"I often fear," said Reymund, "that I must come here no more. The place grows too dear for one that must some day leave it."

Orient turned and looked at him. He saw her tremble. "Not come here any more!" she said.

"Ah, Orient!" he cried, "once I declared to you the purpose of my life. Sometimes—now—sometimes—it seems to me as if you were almost won."

He bent above her, glowing, and passionate, and daring. She trembled again, neither drew away, nor surrendered herself to the waiting grasp.

"I do not know," she answered him, the globy tears suffusing her eyes till each one shone like the great star that hung its blue lamp in the zenith that night when they were lost upon the mountain. "Perhaps I cannot read my heart; but does a woman really love that which is less strong than herself? I must lean upon my husband, not he on me."

"Am I so weak?" asked Reymund, with some bitterness, and a quiver on his lip. "Consider. If your own nature had been invested with a coarser flesh, left out thereby to coarser temptations—since passions are things of the flesh—what would have come of it? Then, if thrown in the midst of the revel, loving the flash of merriment, the excitement of chance, and wine and dice were going round— But, no! such speech is profanity. Yet, Orient, under all habit, under all action, I think there is that in my soul akin to yours, made to rule it and absorb it, hidden by the body; but there—made to be loved by you, as you, all of you, flaws and beauties, are loved by me!"

"If I could only *see* your soul," said Orient, half yielding, contrite, yet uncertain.

"One day perhaps you will," answered Reymund, his repeater giving the hour to his finger-pressure. "Now I must go."

He rose, stooped again and touched her smooth, cold forehead with his mouth. The touch sent the blood back to his heart. "With time," he murmured. "Oh, with time! she shall yet—she shall! Good-bye—till Saturday again at five o'clock!" and then was gone.

All that week Reymund walked through his work with an absent mind, as if his spirit had half left his body, disengaging itself from the automaton of bone and muscle, as one might say; abstracted and lost in his thoughts, his wishes, his absolute resolutions. Old haunts had no attraction for him, old faces brought him no satisfaction, he sought no pleasure but such as was to be found on the back of that horse possessed by the spirit of Satan. And so he existed till the sunrise of Saturday, when, before it should be quite time for the train, he had the horse brought round for a gallop, as if he would ride the wind and tame the whirlwind.

In the meantime, Orient pursued her way in what, for her, was perturbation. There seemed to be a riddle in these days beyond her reading. Penitent over her pride in presuming herself to be stronger than her lover, conscious that she could not dispense with him, yet full as sure that she felt no perfect passion for him, there was nothing to do but marvel what it meant. "I am drawn to him," she said to herself. "Ah, I know that well enough! But have I any right to be? If there were something to confirm me! If I thought the good and beautiful part were any abiding principle, were anything but love of me! If I could only see his soul!"

She was walking that Saturday afternoon in the woods that could be seen from her garden across the meadows. It was a clear October afternoon, the red leaves were dropping round her and leaving the bright blue sky more bare with every gentle gust that brought them to her feet; a bracing day of early autumn, when the wind fainted with the sweet freight of balsam from the pines, and all things only prophesied hope and lightsomeness. In spite of this, Orient could not tell why she had a constant sensation of gray and misty horizons, of marshy air and cold sea-wind all day; as she walked now, the fitful breeze in the treetops seemed the muffled murmur of waves on the distant beach, and once in a while she shivered as if a cold foam-wreath were flying by her face. She thought at first that all this damp and drear sensation was some sympathy with Reymund, now travelling along the seacoast on his way to her. "But what absurdity!" she said. "Where the track lies, the sky is as blue as this one; the wind is scarcely more chilly there than here. Reymund is rolling along, comfortable among his cushions and books; and not a naked spirit all abroad in the sea-scented air!"

She went home on the causeway that was laid along the meadows—hurrying a little, for she judged by the sinking sun that it must be nearly time for the arrival of the train. As she went, she heard her name called.

She turned, for the voice seemed to come from the woods. But seeing no one, she fancied the note of some bird had followed her.

Again the sound. Her name; and Reymund's voice. "He has come," thought Orient, with a thrill of unsuspected pleasure. "And he is calling me from the garden." And she made all haste to answer the summons in person. Going along, then, with her boughs of bright leaves, she wished she had not delayed so long in the woods—her dress so soiled, and her hands, her hair so disordered; she resolved to steal in at the side door and freshen her toilet before greeting him. As the door was opened to her, "Mr. Reymund has come," said the maid, gleefully. "I have just let him in. He is waiting in the drawing-room."

"Very well," answered Orient. "Tell him I will be there directly."

She hastened toward the staircase, boughs in hand.

"You haven't seen your friend?" asked her aunt, passing her on the landing as she sped up.

"No," replied Orient again; "have you?"

"I just met him in the hall as he was entering the drawing-room," said the good woman, calling over the balusters and going her way.

Orient hurried at her bath, clad herself with all dispatch, and put on a garment whose airy frills and ruffles made her look like a white rose. As she went by her mother's room, the mother looked out and said, lightly,

"Reymund has come. Did you know it?"

"Yes, mamma," she answered. "Why didn't you go and make him welcome?"

"Oh, my hair was all down!" said the other. "I just caught a glimpse of him, passing the foot of the stairs as he went into the drawing-room."

So Orient stepped slowly down, adjusting her bracelets as she went. She saw Reymund a second, as the winding way of the stairs for that space allowed her, standing in the bay window and looking out. She did not know what made her so hesitate to enter. She paused a moment longer in the doorway, gazing in.

The room was very gay with bunches of deep-blue and scarlet salvia, and drooping clusters of barberry boughs stringing their splendid pendants all along most graceful curves; but there was another brightness than that in the room. It was where Reymund stood in the embrasure of the window, with the late sunlight falling all over him. She wondered that he did not advance to meet her; but, as she wondered, went up the room toward him.

"Something must have happened to make him very happy," thought Orient. "I never saw such a smile!"

Perhaps it was this smile that so transfigured him; a plain man commonly, the sunshine now seemed to bring out rich, dark tints on the countenance, the eyes overflowed with light, and whether it were grace of posture, overlying sunshine, or beaming smile, features and face and figure expressed a subtle harmony, and the man was beautiful. Beautiful as a strong angel pictured in some instant of stooping flight.

"He does not mean to speak till I do," thought Orient again.

But as she drew near, the smile changed to a look of utter melancholy, as a shining cloud melts into rain, a melancholy gaze that pierced her through and through. She put out her hand, nevertheless, to take his extended grasp.

And there was nothing there!

In the same instant, with a loud and terrible voice, crying, "Orient!"—a voice as if it were the voice of death, the tomb, and all corruption—the thing had vanished; the place was empty!

The cry rang through the house, that loud and terrible voice. Maid and mother rushed into the room; and they found no one there but Orient, fallen unconscious to the floor.

It did not take long to revive the child.

"Something has happened to Reymund," she said, upon lifting her head. "We must go to him at once!"

"My love!" cried her mother. "The idea of the thing. The—"

But expostulations were wasted breath; while they were being made, Orient was calmly getting on her travelling gown, and, seeing herself powerless, the mother—with her heart palpitating in the ends of her fingers through awe and through alarm, and interweaving with the ejaculations that escaped her chattering teeth, a thousand instructions to her quaking maid and sister—hastened to do likewise and be off with her.

Thus it happened that the telegram from Reymund's brother crossed the travellers on their way; and they reached his brother's house in the gray of the shivering morning.

It was just as Orient's heart had told her. Reymund had been thrown from his horse on the previous morning, striking his head on a curbstone's edge—he had been taken up senseless, and had lain since then in a stupor only broken by his twice calling her name in the afternoon. At a little after five o'clock he had risen on the pillow, and in a loud and terrible voice had called Orient again, and then had fallen back—and whether he were dead or alive there was no one able to say.

Orient threw off her hat and shawl and stole into the apartment where Reymund had been placed. The white face that fastened her eye was still as a mask of clay, and there was stamped upon it that look of unutterable melancholy into which she had seen the smile fade yesterday—the linen where it lay was less white, a marble image had been less still. As Orient bent there her breath stirred the dark lock of hair on the brow, and the slight and airy motion of itself brought into forceful being all the awful immobility and silence of death.

"He does not breathe! His heart does not beat! Will he never open his eyes again?" she said. "Oh, Reymund, Reymund, I love you!"

She bent nearer as she sighed the words, and her lips were sealed to his.

A quiver ran through all the frozen frame reposing there beside her, a pulse of warmth, perhaps, played in the hand here clasped—the eyelids shook and lifted and unveiled the dark and woful eyes.

"You have seen my soul, Orient," said Reymund. "Good-by."

The dark and woful eyes were veiled again. And this time Reymund's soul was gone beyond recall.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FAMILY VAULT.

The vestry of the little church of Balair was a chilly and desolate-looking room, with its flagged floor and whitewashed walls; with its straight-backed oaken chairs, and its little iron-barred window; and not all the efforts of the rheumatic old sexton, who had lighted it up with a couple of wax-candles and a sputtering fire of damp wood, could make it seem even tolerably cheerful. Hardly had six o'clock done striking, when the vicar and Sir Michael arrived. Five minutes later came Mr. Greenhough and Mr. Penning, thickly powdered with snow-flakes, they having walked down together, arm-in-arm, from the Hall. When all were assembled, the vicar opened a private cupboard, and silently poured out four glasses of the excellent port of which a small supply was always kept in stock; and in silence it was discussed.

"I named the hour of six as that for our meeting here," said the vicar, "because I thought that what we are about to do had better be done under the friendly shade of darkness. Whatever may be the result of our visit here this evening, we need not take the public into our confidence, unless after-circumstances should compel us to do so. Jenkins, the sexton, is discretion itself; and the position of this church is so solitary, that I hardly think it likely that we shall be observed by any inquisitive busy-bodies from the outside. And now, gentlemen, if you are ready, we will proceed to business."

Jenkins being summoned, produced a huge horn lantern, which he proceeded to light up with one of the wax-candles; and then taking a large key from its nail on the wall, he led the way out of the church; and so by a narrow gravelled path round one corner of the edifice to a spot where an iron door let into the wall, with a grating above it, and reached by a descent of three or four steps, indicated the entrance to the family vault of the Spenceloughs. The old man turned the creaking key, and pushed back the heavy door. Contrasted against the whiteness outside, for the snow-flakes were still falling steadily, the entrance to the vault looked like the black cavernous vestibule to some old-world dungeon, some place of torture and imprisonment in years long past. Stopping for a moment to indulge in what might be appropriately termed a churchyard cough, the old sexton picked up his lantern again, and went slowly in, followed, one after one, by the others. If the atmosphere had seemed cold and marrow-chilling in the room above, it was twice as cold and marrow-chilling in this cavern of dead people. Ranged on the marble slabs which ran round three sides of the vault were the black coffins of several generations of dead and gone Spenceloughs, all with a terrible sameness about them, seen by that dim light, as though they were merely the multiplied coffins of one dead person, who loved a frequent change of domicile. Ah, no! some three or four of them were those of children—blossoms plucked at their sweetest, while somewhat of Heaven's dew still lingered upon them.

Although so few hours had passed since the funeral of Sir Philip, all traces of that ceremony had already been removed. The great flag over the centre of the vault had been put back into its place, and the baronet had found a last home on the slab appointed for him. A hushed and solemn feeling crept over the hearts of the four visitors as they gazed around. In the reverent presence of the dead, all heads were uncovered.

"This, sir, is the coffin you want to examine," said the sexton in dry creaking tones, as though the hinges of his voice were in want of oiling. "This is Master Arthur's coffin."

And with that his old arms encircled a child's coffin, and lifted it on to the black marble table which stood in the centre of the vault. As he did so, a wreath of yellow everlastings slipped off it, and fell to the ground.

"The poor child was not quite forgotten," said the vicar, as he picked up the wreath—"By whom was this token placed here, Jenkins?"

"By Miss Frederica, sir. Every eighteenth of October—that was the day Master Arthur died—she comes and puts a fresh wreath on his coffin. She has never once missed doing it all these years. You see, sir, she and Master Arthur were playfellows when they were children together, and very fond of one another. Lord! I remember them both coming hand-in-hand to church, as if it was only t' other day.—Master Arthur died when Miss Freddy was away from home; and the first time she came here after she got back, I thought the pretty darling's heart would have broke. However, she got over it in time; but every year since then, she has brought a wreath like what you see, and put it with her own hands on the coffin, and said a little prayer to herself, and then gone quietly away."

"You have usually a good memory for such things," said the vicar; "tell me, do you remember the funeral of Master Arthur Spencelaugh?"

"That I do, sir," re'd the old man eagerly.

"I recollect it as well as if it had happened only yesterday; and a shabby funeral it were, though it's I that says so. Sir Phillip was away in India at that time, and Lady Spencelaugh was too ill to come; so there was just nobody to see the last of the poor lad but that lame and ugly Dr. Keefe, and a couple of undertaker's men. Mr. Rolfe, he were curate here at that time, and a fast reader he was surely; and he soon gabbled through the Service; and they all seemed glad to hurry the poor little chap out of sight.—Before Sir Phillip came home, there was a pretty white tablet to the memory of Master Arthur put up by my Lady, just over the family pew; and many a time has Sir Phillip come here by himself to read what there is written on it about his boy; and sometimes he would say: 'It was a sad day's work for me, Jenkins, when my poor Arthur died.'"

The old man paused, more from lack of breath than want of words. It might be nothing more than fancy, but to every one there it seemed as if the light shed by the lantern was slowly growing dimmer and less able to pierce the gloom of the vault, which seemed to hold within its chill precincts the concentrated darkness of many years—a darkness that thickened the air, and was infinitely more intense than the blackness of the blackest night in the churchyard without.

"Eh, sirs! but it's a poor light to work by," said Jenkins; and so saying, he opened the door of the lantern, and took out the candle to snuff it; but as he did so, a sudden gust of mingled wind and snow burst through the grating over the iron door, and extinguished the light, and sweeping through the vault, rushed out again by the way it had come; and as it did so, it seemed to the excited fancy of more than one there present as though the silent people lying so near them turned over in their resting places, and whispered uneasily among themselves.

Jenkins was the only one entirely unmoved by this little accident. The old sexton was as much at home among dead people as though he were smoking his pipe in his own chimney-corner; and he probably felt a sort of kindly contempt for such of them as rested humbly in the churchyard, as a class of individuals who had a weakness for intruding their bones on the notice of survivors. He now proceeded deliberately to strike a match on the sole of his boot, and to relight the candle, muttering something to himself meanwhile about its being pleasant reasonable weather.

"Am I to begin sir?" he said to the vicar, when he had put the candle out of the way of a similar accident. "I have got my screw-driver here ready."

"One cannot help feeling somewhat reluctant to intrude upon the sacred repose of the dead," said the vicar, addressing his companions. "But in an exceptional case like the present one, where the truth cannot be arrived at by ordinary means, I think we may consider that we are fully justified in taking such a step. Jenkins, you may begin."

Jenkins whipped the screw-driver nimbly out of his pocket, and then proceeded to rub his nose with it appreciatively, while regarding the coffin with a critical eye: evidently he had a ghastly sort of relish for the task before him.

"My screw, gentlemen, don't seem inclined to bite," said Jenkins, speaking thus of the nail. But at last the screw did bite, yielding slowly and grudgingly to the force of the implement. "A famous fellow!" said the old man, holding up the nail between his thumb and finger. "One of Death's double-teeth—he, he!"

All present turned suddenly. They felt, by the quick, keen rush of snow-laden air, that the iron door was being opened by some one from the outside. They turned, to see a black, snow-sprinkled figure, half standing, half crouching, at the entrance to the vault. It was a woman's figure; but the face was hidden, in part by the black hood drawn closely over the head, and in part by the white delicate hands.

"Or, not too late! say that I am not too late!" It was Lady Spencelaugh's voice, but strangely altered. She staggered forward as she spoke, like one suddenly struck blind, till she stood by the table in the centre of the vault on which rested the little coffin. "Do not touch *that!*" she exclaimed. "It contains not what you seek—what it does contain matters not. I confess everything. Arthur Spencelaugh did not die. I sent him away to White Grange, from which place he was taken to America by the Keefes. I wanted the title and estates for my own son. I have carried the wretched secret about with me for twenty years, only to have it wrenched from me at the moment the reward seemed in my grasp. Pardon me—pity me, if you will: I care not: I only ask to die—to die—to die!"

As the last words came almost inaudibly from her lips, she sank in a dead faint on the floor of the vault. Mr. Greenhough ran to support her; and then, with the assistance of the other gentlemen, she was carried out, and through the church-yard, and into the vestry. Scarcely had they got there with their burden, when Mrs. Winch made her appearance. That faithful retainer, having left Lady Spencelaugh for a few minutes, and missing her when she returned, had divined, as by instinct, whither her Ladyship had gone, and had at once hurried after her. Finding, after a time, that Lady Spencelaugh showed signs of returning consciousness, the gentlemen left her to the care of the landlady, with a promise to send a carriage down from the Hall.

As Mr. Greenhough and Mr. Penning walked back through the snowy park, said the former: "Even if all this be true that we have just heard, it by no means proves that your man is the genuine Simon Pure."

Mr. Penning smiled a little loftily. "We shall see what we shall see," he said, with the air of an oracle; and with that, as by mutual consent, the affair was put on one side for the morrow's settlement; and Greenhough related a capital story of a hanging judge, which Penning capped with "a good thing, sir, told me by Dawkins, Q. C."

"Cheer up, my Lady," whispered Mrs. Winch reassuringly in the ear of the prostrate woman, whose head lay on her shoulder. "All is not lost, even after what you have told them. The game is still our own. You remember the words of the telegram: 'The *Ocean Child* has foundered with all on board.' Nothing can keep Mr. Gaston out of the title and the estates; and, for his sake, what you have said to-night will be hushed up and forgotten."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WAITING FOR JERRY.

The clock had just struck nine on the evening of the day which had witnessed such strange events at Belair, and Gurney Brackenridge was sitting at home in slippered ease, concocting for himself a tumbler of his favorite beverage. He was alone in the house, for Hannah had got a few days' holiday to visit some friends, and the chemist's domestic comforts were looked after by Mrs. Jakeway in the interim.

The world had prospered somewhat with Gurney Brackenridge since we saw him last. Although he had never received the three hundred pounds which had been promised him in case he should succeed in a certain service, which, as events turned out, it had been found impossible to perform, he had yet been handsomely paid for his trouble in other ways, and especially for the neat detective-like style in which he had tracked John English from Pevsey Bay to a berth on board the *Ocean Child*, fast clipper-ship, bound for New York. Then, again, it was satisfactory to know that the widow's long-standing promise to marry him was likely at last to have a speedy fulfillment. Mrs. Winch had been in strangely good spirits ever since the receipt of his telegram containing the news of the loss of the *Ocean Child*, which had foundered a few days after leaving the Mersey, and while Brackenridge was still in Liverpool. The first of May had been fixed for the forthcoming nuptials; and, all things considered, the chemist ought to have been, if not in a happy, at least in a contented frame of mind. But such was by no means the case. The old sore was still festering secretly, and he refused to let it heal. He felt himself to be an ill-used and terribly aggrieved individual, because his future wife still persisted in her resolution not to enlighten him as to the nature of the secret bond which held her and Lady Spencelaugh so firmly together, and mixed up the interests of both so inexplicably with those of John English. Not only did the widow refuse to enlighten him now, but she gave him, besides, distinctly to understand that even after marriage, the secret would remain as heretofore her own property, and be in nowise shared by him; and he was too well acquainted with the resolute character of Martha Winch not to feel certain that she would keep her word in this respect in spite of all that he might say or do. Therefore did Gurney Brackenridge brood darkly over the slight which, as he conceived, was put upon him. Besides, how utterly and inconceivably foolish on the part of any one in possession of a secret affecting the happiness and welfare of another, and that other a person high up in the social scale, one who could well afford to pay for the keeping of it, to allow such a golden chance to slip, when it might be had for the mere grasping! It was not the chemist's style of doing business. To him it would have been as a little gold-mine; as a perennial source of income; bringing with it possibilities of unlimited cessation from work, with French brandy in unstinted quantity, and an exciting life in London or Paris.

His dark reverie was suddenly put to flight by the familiar click of the garden gate, followed next minute by a loud double-knock at the front door. "That's Jerry's knock, I'll wager anything. What can the fool want with me to-night?"

He got up, and opened the door with a cordial greeting, for he always made a point of keeping in Jerry's good graces. "What has brought you here, my man, at this time of the night?" said Brackenridge, as Jerry sat down bashfully on the proffered chair, while his bright eyes roved purposelessly about the little room.

"Jerry has just come from Belair," said the lad. "He has got to post a letter for my Lady; and he was to leave another here on the way.—There were five black crows sitting all of a row as Jerry went through the park this afternoon: that means that something bad is going to happen to somebody."

The chemist held out his hand impatiently for the letter, and Jerry, after a little fumbling, produced it. Brackenridge at once recognized the widow's writing. He tore it open, and read as under:

"DEAR GURNEY—I have been up at Belair all day, and am just going home, very tired, and far from well. I send you this by Jerry, to save you the trouble of walking down to-night, as I shall at once go to bed on reaching home. Look in, however, in the morning, as you go to business. Sincerely yours, M. W."

"I might have known better," murmured the chemist bitterly to himself as he refolded the note, "than to think that she would let out anything of importance to me."

He paused for a moment, with the letter still between his fingers. What was it that Jerry had said? That he was taking to the post a letter written by Lady Spencelaugh! Any letter written by Lady Spencelaugh might, perchance, contain some reference to that secret which, day and night, weighed so heavily on the chemist's mind. Such being the case, supposing that he, Brackenridge, could get at the contents of this letter, might he not, by such means, chance to light on the key of the secret, and so, despite the widow's efforts, constitute himself master of the situation? The thought was a grand one—one that made his blood flash hotly in his veins: but how to carry it out? Jerry's incorruptibility as a messenger was known to him of old: by artifice only could he hope to obtain possession of the letter. But how? He mixed himself another tumbler of his favorite stimulant, in the hope that it might tend to sharpen his dulled wits, chatting meanwhile with Jerry on any indifferent topic that came uppermost. Ah! an excellent thought! Suggested by the Fiend, doubtless; but none the worse for that.

"And is Mogaddo quite well?" said the chemist, changing the conversation abruptly.

"The salubrity of his lordship's health is wonderful," answered Jerry.

"Then he pines no longer for the loss of the pretty Pipanta?" said Brackenridge.

"Alas! no. The darling is forgotten already," said the simpleton, mournfully; "forgotten by all but *Jerry*. But the memory of Pipanta is still dear to *Jerry's* heart."

"Would Jerry like to see his Pipanta again?" asked the chemist.

"Pipanta is dead, and buried under the Witches' Oak, and will never dance to her lord's music again. The great Katafango charmed her life out of her. And now, only the Lord Mogaddo is left, who whispers strange secrets in Jerry's ear at the full of the moon."

"Yes, but I can conjure back the ghost of Pipanta, so that Jerry can see it, but not touch it," said the chemist.

"But Jerry is afraid of ghosts," urged the lad. "Jerry will be a ghost himself some day, and dance at midnight under the Witches' Oak, and frighten folk till they go crazy. Ho! ho! a grand life! a rare life!"

"But it would not frighten you to see Pipanta," said Brackenridge. "You shall see her dance as she used to do, on that window-blind."

"But you won't let her come near Jerry?" said the lad, with a look of terror.

"Don't be afraid, man," said the chemist. "I've no wish to harm you." Speaking thus, he opened a door which led into another room; and after an absence of about half a minute, he returned, carrying something white in his hand—a handkerchief saturated with some liquid which diffused a faint, peculiar odor through the room. Jerry's eyes were fixed on him suspiciously. "Tut, man! you're not afraid of me, I hope," said the chemist, with a boisterous laugh. "You haven't got the pluck of a mouse. Chut! how you tremble. I tell you again, you have nothing to fear. Now keep your eyes fixed firmly on the blind of the window opposite to you, while I hold this for you to smell at, and presently you will see the figure of the pretty Pipanta begin to show itself on the blind—faint at first, and then clearer and clearer, till you will see her as plainly as though she were alive before you."

Even before he had done speaking, he had placed himself behind Jerry's chair, and half encircling the lad with one arm, pressed the saturated handkerchief to his nostrils with the other. Jerry made one or two abortive efforts to get away, but the chemist's iron arm held him remorselessly; and in a few seconds the lad's eyes closed softly, his head drooped backward against Brackenridge's chest, while an expression strangely sweet and solemn diffused itself over his face, which but a minute before had been troubled by a dim suspicion of the chemist's good faith, mingled with a vague dread of the coming apparition.

"Jericho! why, the lad's gone already!" said Brackenridge to himself. "It doesn't take much to knock him over, anyhow." Speaking thus, he flung the handkerchief to the other side of the room, and lifting Jerry in his arms, as easily as though he were a child, he deposited the unconscious lad on a sofa, with his head supported by the cushions. "Now for the letter!" muttered Brackenridge. One by one Jerry's pockets were lightly examined, and then his hat; but the letter was nowhere to be found. "It must be here," murmured the chemist, as he proceeded to unbutton Jerry's waistcoat. And there it was; and there, too, was Jerry's pet, Mogaddo; and just as the chemist's fingers were on the point of grasping the paper, the reptile, lifting its head angrily from the folds of flannel in which it had been concealed, made a swift sudden dart, and bit Brackenridge in the wrist. The chemist drew back his hand with a fearful oath, but next instant he had seized the reptile firmly between his thumb and finger, and dragging it from its cozy nest, he carried it writhing across the room, and throwing open a back-window, hurled it with all his strength far out into the frosty night. His next proceeding was to take a piece of live-coal from the fire, and holding it with the tongs, to press it firmly on his wrist at the spot where the reptile had bitten it, till he had burned away the flesh almost to the bone. The agony was so intense that great drops of perspiration burst out on his forehead, and he bit his lip till he left a mark on it which was visible for several days. When he had put back the coal into the fire, he hastened to pour out and drink off half a tumbler of neat brandy; and after that he proceeded to bandage up his wrist, as well as he was able, with his disengaged hand.

Now for the letter. Poor Jerry still lay without sense or motion, utterly unconscious of the fate which had befallen his favorite. Brackenridge took the letter without fear. He saw, with some surprise, that the address was unmistakably in a man's writing; but as the envelope was merely fastened in the ordinary way, and not sealed, there would be no difficulty in mastering the contents. A little copper kettle was boiling cheerily by the fire, and all that was requisite to do was to let the current of steam play on the gummed part of the envelope for a little while, and the thing was done. The chemist's fingers trembled a little as he took the folded paper out of the envelope, and turned to the lamp to read it.

Next moment, a wild intense pang of baffled rage and despair shot from the chemist's heart, and held him as though he were possessed by a demon; while from his lips, as blue as those of a dead man, proceeded a string of imprecations so intense and dreadful that they could only make themselves heard in a sort of half-choked whisper. The letter was not from Lady Spencelaugh at all, but was merely a note from Sir Gaston to some friend in London, stating that, in consequence of certain unpleasant proceedings at home, he should not be able to keep an appointment as agreed upon. In the first access of his rage, the chemist crumpled up the letter between his fingers, and flung it into the fire, and was only roused to a sense of what he had done by seeing it burst into a blaze. The sight sobered him in an instant. What excuse could he possibly make to Jerry, who was the most faithful of messengers, for destroying the letter? There was only one excuse possible for him, and that was to deny ever having seen the letter—he could lie as hard as anybody if needs were—and to persuade the simpleton that he had lost it on the road from Belair. Yes, that was the only way practicable out of the confounded mess he had got himself into.

Going up to Jerry, he shook the unconscious lad roughly by the shoulder, and called him by name. But Jerry's sleep was far too sound to be broken by such simple means, or, indeed, by any earthly means whatever, as the chemist, with a horrible, sickening dread gnawing at his heart—a dread in comparison with which his previous anxiety about the letter had been as child's play—was not long in discovering. Again and again he cried aloud, with a strange agony in his voice: "Jerry, Jerry! wake up, man—come, wake up!" but Jerry remained supremely indifferent to all such entreaties. Then the chemist tried to find his pulse, but there was no pulse to find. Next, in hot haste, he fetched a looking-glass out of another room, and held it over the lad's mouth; but obstinate Jerry refused to breathe over so faintly: the glass remained unsullied. Not even the weakest heart-beat was perceptible to the fingers that hungered so keenly to detect it; the delicate mechanism had stopped for ever: Jerry was growing cold already.

Convinced at last that all his efforts at resuscitation were utterly useless, the chemist sat down with a bitter groan opposite poor dead Jerry; and taking his head between his hands, as though it were a loose portion of himself which might chance to fall off and get damaged, he contemplated his handiwork in silence. But presently he grew frightened. That same sweetly solemn look still rested on the face of the dead lad, and it troubled the chemist sorely; it spoke of something—of a heavenly peace and serenity—so entirely beyond his ordinary experience, that he could not bear to contemplate it any longer. With that instinctive desire which we all have to cover up our lost ones, he fetched a clean cloth out of a clothes-press in the next room, and spread it gently over the face of the dead boy. It may be that at that moment some pang of regret, pure and simple, for the friend he had lost—a friend, even if a simpleton—made its way to the chemist's hardened heart. If such were the case, it was quenched next moment in burning anxiety for his own safety; for suddenly, and without any preliminary warning, such as the swinging of the garden gate, or the noise of footsteps on the gravel, there came a loud single knock at the front door—a knock which echoed dully through the quiet house, but which fell like a sound of dire omen on the chemist's guilty heart. He staggered back as though smitten by an invisible hand. Who could possibly want him at so late an hour? Suppose he were to pretend not to be at home? But that would never do, because one of the windows of the room looked out at the front of the house, and the tell-tale lamp shining through the blind betrayed his presence to all who might pass that way. He was still considering within himself, when the summons came again, louder and more imperative than before. With a trembling hand he took up the lamp, and carried it into the next room; and turning the key softly on that terrible Thing lying there so mute and moveless, he advanced on tip-toe to the front door, and putting his mouth to the keyhole, called out in a strange hoarse voice: "Who's there? and what do you want?"

"Open the door, Brack, my boy, and you'll soon find out," replied a voice from the outside, in accents rendered slippery by the imbibition of more strong drink than the speaker could conveniently carry.

Brackenridge at once recognized the voice as that of a lame cobbler named Grigg, a man known to everybody as one of the most drunken reprobates in Normanford; and he at once opened the door, first taking the precaution to put up the chain.

"Now, Grigg, what is it?" said the chemist, impatiently. "Why do you come bothering me at this time of the night?"

"Well, I'm jiggered if that ain't cool!" said the cobbler, with a hiccup, as he swayed slightly to and fro on the step. "Seeyhere. I don't want you, my buck, at any price: wouldn't have you a gift. Th' individle I want is m' friend, Jerry Winch. Here have I been waiting, waiting, waiting more'n half-an-hour, and no signs of Jerry yet. It's tarnation cold standing out here, I can tell ye; so I want to know how much longer you are going to keep the lad."

"Jerry Winch!" said the chemist, in a dismayed whisper. "You are mistaken; Jerry Winch is not here."

"Oh, fie now, Mishter B.! Very naughty to tell fibs," said the cobbler, with an emphatic smack of his drunken lips. "As if I didn't see him with my own blessed eyes come in at this very door! Seeyhere, now; this is how it is," he went on, adjusting his balance to a nicety against the doorpost. "I've been out 'n business this afternoon, and coming home, I found the roads uncommonly slippery—so slippery, that when I met my friend Jerry, who happened to be coming the same way, we agreed to walk arm-in-arm to keep one another up. Seeyhere, now. Jerry slipped twice, but I picked him up and set him on his pins, and we were as right as ninepence when we got here. Says young Flybysky to me; 'I've got a letter for old B., and I must call and leave it. You wait here for me; I shan't be long; and then we'll go down the hill together.' 'All right, my turnip,' says I; and away he goes, and I sees the door shut after him: and now you want to persuade me that he ain't here. It looks soapy."

"Well, well," said the chemist, in a perfect agony of bewilderment, "I was perhaps wrong in saying that Jerry was not here."

"In course you was," interrupted the cobbler gravely.

"I ought to have said that I have got some important business to transact, in which I require Jerry's assistance. We shall not be done till a very late hour; in fact, Jerry will probably stay here all night; so it will be no use whatever your waiting for him any longer."

"That's straightforward—that alters the case altogether," said the cobbler. "If Flybysky can't come, I must go without him. Seeyhere, now. I've been waiting here so long that the frost has got to my vitals, and in such a case brandy's the only cure."

Anything to be relieved of this wretch's drunken maunderings! The brandy was quickly fetched, and eagerly drunk. After vowing that Brackenridge was a regular "brick," and insisting on a parting grasp of the hand, the cobbler turned to go. At the garden gate, he paused. "Seeyhere, now. It looked soapy at first, didn't it?" he said, and with a last tipsy nod of the head, he disappeared down the road.

Having refastened the door, Brackenridge went back into the little room where he had left the lamp, and sat down to think. He must get away at once, that was very evident. When Jerry came to be inquired for in the morning, Grigg would remember everything: there would be no lapse of memory with regard to overnight events with such a confirmed toper as the cobbler. But for the cursed accident of this man's presence, Brackenridge felt that he might have hidden away the body, where, even if found, no suspicion would have attached to him in the matter. But such a course was now utterly out of the question. He must get away at once and for ever. To this dark ending had his scoundrelly arts brought him. An outcast and a murderer, ever dreading to feel the touch of Justice on his shoulder, he must go forth into the world, and try to seek out a new and obscure home where himself and his crimes were alike unknown.

After a time, he looked at his watch, and then he went upstairs, and hurriedly began to pack a small portmanteau. A few minutes were sufficent to accomplish this task; then he put on his overcoat, and a thick gray comforter, and a fishing-hat of brown felt; so dressed, no casual acquaintance whom he might chance to encounter would be likely to recognize him. This done, he took his portmanteau in his hand, and went quietly down stairs. He paused for a moment opposite the door of the room where the dead lad lay. His pocket-book was on the chimney-piece of that room; but not for the world dared he have gone in and got it. Leaving the lamp still burning, he stole out by way of the back-door, which he pulled to gently after him; and so away at a rapid pace down the snowy road. Already there was on him the sickening dread which would never utterly leave him again, and which every man feels when he first becomes a criminal—the dread of being *taken*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"We Shall Eat the Fruit."

A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was one time fond of the social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after he observed his wife one morning busily employed planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years, and yet I have never known you before to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up the drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some *strangers* would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

☞ A Scotch farmer finds by measurement that his cattle drink over twenty-five pounds of water each per day.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is rather more inquiry, at about former rates, with sales of 4000 bbls in lots, at from $8@8,50 for superfine, $9@10 for extra, $11@12,50 for low grade and fancy northwest family, $12@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $7,25@7,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been rather more doing in Wheat. 2500 bus New York amber sold at $2,57½@3; 2000 do No. 2 Chicago spring wheat at $2,28; small lots of Penna red at $2,60@2,85; southern do at $2,90@3,10, and white at from $3,20@3,25 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye sells at from $1,30@1,35 for western and $1,37@1,40 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn—About 25,000 bus prime yellow sold at from $1,11@1,14. Oats—Sales reach about 24,000 bus, at from 57@58c ₩ bus for Delaware and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull; small sales are making at $22@23,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 16@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams, 13@13½c for pickled do, 10½@11½c for salt Shoulders, 13c for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Beef Hams are held at $25 ₩ bbl. Butter; small sales are making at 30@35c for roll; 30@31c for dairy, and 15@16c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@18c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 33@35c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues dull; about 500 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at 33@33½c for uplands, and 35@35½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—Sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 50@65c, and choice at 97@99c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples; sales are making at $2@5 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples; 3000 lbs sold at 8½@10c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches; sales of unpared quarters at 15@16c, halves at 18@19c, and pared at from 30@35c ₩ lb.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60 ₩ lb.

PLASTER—Sale of 100 tons at $4,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1200 bus sold at $9@9,25 for old, and $9,50@10,25 ₩ bus for new. Timothy is selling at $3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3,10@3,15 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at 2,65@2,67 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—bbls sell at $2,35@2,50 for Pennsylvania, and $2,42@2,43 ₩ gal for Ohio.

TALLOW—Sales of 30,000 lbs at 11½@12c for city rendered, and 11½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are reported at 62@65c for extra fine; 55@58 for fine; 49@51c for medium; 45@46c for coarse; 48@50c for tub washed; 32@34c for unwashed; and 33@34c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 15@16 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to $70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½ cts ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $9,00@10,10 ₩ 100 lbs.

Amusing Scene.

In one of the smaller halls of Boston there is on exhibition a curious musical instrument from Germany, called the orchestrion, like an organ in outward aspect, and like a music-box in a cylinder movement, operated by clock-work. On Saturday night the proprietors wound it up, ready to be started at the Monday afternoon concert; but on the intervening Sunday the hall was occupied by a religious society, and the applause which greeted a "Reading from the Poets," in the evening, jarred the instrument so that it began to play. The piece was a waltz, and the audience listened in amusement—the preacher with consternation. No one knew how to stop it, and the obstinate machine went on playing one piece after another in steady succession, until some ingenious sympathizer with the interrupted meeting found a means to get inside and unhook one of the weights.

☞ The old Penn mansion, in Philadelphia, was built so strongly that it is found impossible to take it apart for removal. Unlike the modern building in New York, where a man sneezed violently and the whole of one end of it dropped out.

☞ Queen Victoria's annual income is $2,600,000; her expenses $500,000.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 26, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 198 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

A MODEL PAPER.—*The Watchman & Reflector*, of Boston, has an enviable reputation for ability and enterprise. It has not been surpassed in merit by any religious journal in the country. But it aspires to higher excellence, and proposes to become, with the opening of the New Year, one of the most comprehensive family papers in the world. It will be greatly enlarged, and published on a double sheet: one sheet devoted, as hitherto, to religious matter; the other to literary, social, monetary and agricultural articles. This latter department will be new and peculiar, with a rich variety of contents, embracing articles on current moral, social, and political questions; on the leading men of the age in thought and action; reviews of important books; tales for the family circle; agricultural and gardening matters for farmers; and monetary articles and reports of the markets for business men.

No Journal in the world certainly has a more comprehensive plan to meet the wants of all families, and of all the members in a family; and as the editorial staff will consist of nine men, all able and experienced in the several departments, who will be assisted by thirty contributors, many of them having a national reputation, the Watchman & Reflector must become a model family paper, unequalled in merit and in circulation. Its enterprising conductors deserve the largest success. We refer our readers to Advertisement in another column.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists. dec15-2t

DIPTHERIA.

For the cure of that dreaded disease, DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a specific, if resorted to in time.

It should be used, with mixed water, as a gargle, and the throat bathed with Pain Killer freely. Read what Dr. Walton writes us, from Coshocton, Ohio:

"I am happy to inform you that the Pain Killer cures this new disease, *Diptheria or Sore Throat*, that is prevailing to so alarming an extent in this section of the country. On Walnut Creek, Holmes county, they use scarcely any other remedy, and it has never been known to fail in a single instance when used in time. This fact you may make known to the world." dec8-2t

Rx MULTITUDES of people require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition. dec8-2t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE."—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE

GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $3. jel6-6m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Are you troubled with dizziness? Do you feel sluggish and heavy? If so, you are on the verge of a severe bilious attack; delay not a moment; use these Pills; they will save you months of sickness. Factory, 80 Maiden Lane, New York.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Nov., by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. JACOB A. STOLL to Miss MARGARET WORDELL, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. G. Mercer, D. D., CARLILE BOYD, U. S. A., to MARIA, daughter of S. A. Mercer.

On the 29th of Nov., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. CHARLES PEIRS to Miss MARY MCELRONE, both of this city.

On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. THEODORE M. COLE to Miss SARAH S., daughter of the late John Emery, Esq., of this city.

On the 25th of Nov., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. MARION T. RUTH to Miss SOPHIE A. NOE, both of this city.

On the 11th of Nov., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. EDWIN WILKINSON to Miss MARY A. CARR, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Cookville, Wis., Nov. 16th, ANN, wife of J. G. Porter, aged 58 years.

On the 6th instant, JOHN C. RALSTON, in his 33d year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH FOLKROD, in her 77th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. ANN FRAZIER, in her 82d year.

On the 2d instant, ANDREW FLEMING, in his 89th year.

On the 1st instant, CHARLES T. SNYDER, in his 61st year.

On the 1st instant, SUSAN, wife of the late John Huntley, aged 70 years.

On the 30th of Nov., Rev. JOHN FOWLER, in his 32d year.

On the 29th of Nov., THOMAS G. RUTHERFORD, in his 49th year.

A PAPER FOR THE AGE.

THE

Watchman & Reflector

Enlarged to Nearly Twice its Present Size!

One of the most complete and comprehensive Religious and Family Journals in the world.

Its Corps of Editors and Contributors are unequaled in number and unsurpassed in ability by any religious paper in the United States.

TERMS.—One copy, $3.60, in advance. For $5.00 any person sending his own name, and the name of a new subscriber, can have two copies, one year.

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FORD, OLMSTEAD & CO.,

PUBLISHERS WATCHMAN & REFLECTOR,

BOSTON, MASS.

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Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS

In the City is Now Offered.

Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Levers, only $35; Gents' Full Jewelled Levers, warranted, only $18; American Watches, less than factory prices. Goodwill, Fire-proof, &c., for sale. Come here if you want to save money.

H. MULLIGAN,

No 552 North Second St.

N. B.—Watchmakers, over 100 new Watches; large discount. nov24-4t

MONEY RETURNED

In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by F. C. GODFREY only.

nov3-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

You must have CLOTHING.

You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.

You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.

This is natural and right enough.

The question is WHERE to buy?

It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:

There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.

This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET to MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.

We have,

1st—Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.

2d—Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.

3d—Custom Department To Make to Order.

4th—Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.

Yours, very respectfully,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,

PHILADELPHIA.

☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.

☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.

oct13-3m

FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED SEWING MACHINE!

$5 $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by HAND, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,

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MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,

333 Chestnut St, Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF the United States, to sell "THE LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS," a new work, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the great historian. The work is finely illustrated, complete in one volume, and ready for subscribers. The author, the theme, and the elegant style in which it is issued, combine to render it one of the best books for Agents ever published in this country. Exclusive territory may be secured by addressing B. B. RUSSELL & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass. dec15-4t

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp,

MRS. M. MERRITT,

P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec8-10t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN,

nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

FOR YOUR LITTLE DAUGHTER,
Send the "Children's Hour."

FOR YOUR LITTLE SON,
Send the "Children's Hour."

FOR YOUR LITTLE NIECE,
Send the "Children's Hour."

FOR YOUR LITTLE NEPHEW,
Send the "Children's Hour."

FOR YOUR LITTLE COUSIN,
Send the "Children's Hour."

FOR YOUR LITTLE FRIEND,
Send the "Children's Hour."

FOR YOUR POOR NEIGHBOR'S CHILD, send

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,

A Magazine for the Little Ones.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

We can confidently recommend this new juvenile as not surpassed by any of its class within our knowledge.—*Presbyterian, Cin., O.*

Our little ones are in ecstacies over the first number.—*Gazette, Hudson, Mich.*

We have no hesitation in saying that it will take the highest rank among children's periodicals.—*Gazette, Columbus, O.*

It is just the thing in every point we can think to criticize, to become the favorite of the little ones throughout the continent.—*Times, Dubuque, Iowa.*

The moral and religious tone of the first number is as pure, sweet and cheerful as could be desired.—*Christian Standard, Cleveland, O.*

We are exceedingly pleased with it.—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

The "Children's Hour" is deserving only of commendation.—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.*

TERMS.—$1.25 a year. 5 copies $5. 10 copies, and one extra to the person sending the club, $10. Children's Hour and Arthur's Home Magazine, $3.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,

809 and 811 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Canvassing agents, male and female, wanted for the "Children's Hour" in all parts of the United States. dec15-3t

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S. FRANK. PALMER, LL. D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB C2.

These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

The Latest and Best Church Music

Is to be found in "THE JUBILATE," the New Collection by L. O. Emerson, whose "*Harp of Judah*" was seen in every choir, convention and school last year. The present volume is an improvement on the previous one, and having an immense sale. An examination is respectfully solicited from every person interested in vocal culture. Price $1.38. Sent, post-free. Sold by all Music Dealers.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,

277 Washington St., Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10 00 A.M. &		11.30	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20 A.M. &		7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	6.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St

SAMUEL E. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to

FRANCIS FUNK,

sp7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	65
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

H. DOLLARD,

513 CHESTNUT ST.,

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PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-eowly

MARCHING ON!

Constantly advancing in public favor, throughout the United States, the British Colonies and Spanish America, and needing no

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS

to proclaim its success, that standard article,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

is now far ahead of any preparation of its class. People of Fashion, at length thoroughly understand the terrible consequences entailed by the use of metallic and caustic preparation, and admit the superiority of this famous vegetable Dye.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,

No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by all Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. dec1-3teow

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,

oct27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week.

Yours respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS,

Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

CURE OF CRICK IN THE BACK, AND LUMBAGO.

LYONS, N. Y., July 4, 1862.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK & Co.:—Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured me of a crick in my back, which has troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about his heart.

L. H. SHERWOOD.

Dr. Green, No. 863 Broadway, New York, informs us he sold, on Monday, June 22d, 1863, two plasters to a young woman suffering very severely from lumbago. On Thursday she called to get two more for a friend, and then stated how the two she had purchased on Monday had relieved her immediately after putting them on, and COMPLETELY IN TWO DAYS of a most distressing pain in her back and loins.

Sold by all Druggists. dec1-eow3t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, mailed for 10 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,

dec17-1f Box 220, Boston, Mass.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Advice to Maidens.

"Punch's Pocket Book," some years since contained the following, from the pen of "a single woman of the world:"—

"If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast or Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears goloshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

Profiting by a Speech.

During a recent political campaign in the state of Massachusetts two orators set out together for the purpose of rousing a certain district to the spirit of the times. One (whom we will call Davis,) being well known in this capacity, was to speak last, as it was feared, if he spoke first, that his colleague (Pratt by name) would be left minus an audience. They had charge of a very extensive district, and at each little town and village Davis delighted his hearers with the same speech until Pratt lost all patience. Finally, this repetition became a source of such annoyance that he set seriously to work to devise a way to put a stop to this method of speech-making. Being a fellow of some wit, he finally hit upon a plan which he thought might prove successful, and resolved to put it into execution at the next meeting. Accordingly, when the appointed hour arrived, and he was called upon for a few remarks, he rose, and, without the slightest hesitation, repeated Davis's speech, word for word! Poor Davis was utterly at a loss what to do; he rose in embarrassment, mumbled off a few words, and ended by saying that "the gentleman who had preceded him had exhausted the subject!"

Who They Were.

They tell a good story on the early appearance of Dr. Bethune in a church then located on the outskirts of the city of Rochester. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large square or park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the green aisle-carpets appear like the continuation of the grassy lawn outside. At least so the matter appeared to a half-dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquence, and was quoting the lines,—

"Who are these arrayed in white?" &c.

A green, half-grown country boy, who supposed the question so eloquently propounded required an answer, at once replied, in a bashful lisp: "Them—them there's geese!" The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was alright, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the audience.

One of Barnum's Stories.

Among other stories told by Barnum about himself in a lecturing tour out West, is the following:—He had advertised special attractions for the Irish, on St. Patrick's day, and the Museum was jammed with the Biddies and their children. They were so well pleased that he thought it advisable to point out to them the way of exit, so that others might find room to enter. The reply was, "Faith, and I'm not going out; we come to spend the day wi' ye." The wit of the showman was again tried, but he met the emergency by having a sign painted, in large letters, "Egress," which he fastened over the door leading through the rear to Ann street. The trap caught them. "Egress;" sure, an' that's the animal we haven't seen at all;" and such a current of Biddies started in that direction that none could return, and the Museum was soon relieved of one set of visitors, to be speedily filled with another.

A Fast Compositor.

In the office of a Wisconsin journal there is a compositor who sets type so rapidly that the friction of his movements fuses the leaded emblems in his stick, making them solid, like a stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged in water, and the rapidity of his motions keeps the water boiling and bubbling, so that eggs have frequently boiled in the space box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by the fast compositor's motions runs the power press. In one day he set so much type that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read the proof, and it wasn't his good day for setting type either.

Got the Chisel.—A benevolent gentleman, travelling in the Green Mountains, discovered at the door of a farm house a baby brandishing a two-inch mortising chisel, to its imminent danger. So taking away the sharp-edged tool, he sought the mother.

"Madam," said he, "I thought it my duty to stop and tell you that your little child has got the chisel." "Oh, sir," said she, "I am ever so much obliged to you. I knew something was the matter with that child, and didn't know what it was. They have got it awful down to Bennington!"

☞ "I say, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeing out the dirt."

Mr. Smith.—"Thompson, I believe that I have repeatedly expressed an objection to being served with stale bread at dinner. How is it my wishes have not been attended to?"

Thompson.—"Well, sir, I really don't know what is to be done! It won't do to waste it, and we *can't* eat it down stairs!!"

SONG.

Only a spark from love's dear shrine,
Whose altar fires are dead;
Only a trees whose silken sheen
Once crowned a lovely head.
Only a token wrapped away
Of happier days that were,
Long vanished from my wistful gaze,
Only a lock of hair!

Only one link, a link of gold,
Between the past and me;
One tender leaflet flutt'ring still
Upon a blighted tree.
Only a relic dim with tears
Of what was once so fair,
The image sweet of life in death,
Only a lock of hair!

Of what was once my all in all
But these sad links remain
To bind me now and evermore
Within their silken chain.
Poor token of a faded past,
Dim relic once so fair,
To lie upon my lonely heart,
Only a lock of hair!

☞ Rosa Bonheur writes to a friend in New York that she is certainly coming to this country next autumn, for the purpose of painting buffalo on the Western prairies. She has grown very enthusiastic about America from the descriptions she has read and heard of it, and longs, she says, more than anything she can picture to herself to see the magnificent herds of buffalo, and transfer them to canvas. She thinks her stallions would be nothing to those animals, of which she rarely thinks without a glow, and an almost irresistible impulse to cross the sea.

A Good Cow.—Daniel O'Connell once saved a cow thief from hanging, though the fellow was condemned to transportation. He afterwards returned to Ireland and made himself known to O'Connell, and in requital for his services as counsel, said he would impart a valuable secret. "If your honor wants to steal a cow, go on a dark, rainy night, and take a cow that stands out in the field, and sure ye'll get a good one. The weakly ones, yer honor, always shelter under the hedge if the weather is bad."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Late Pasturing.

From satisfactory experiments made and many times repeated, and close observations made in many directions, we are religiously of the opinion that late pasturing in meadows as well as regular pastures is a practice that pays in more ways than one.

In the first place, we all know that all kinds of stock attain bulk and put on fair proportions more readily by helping themselves at will from good green pasturage, than by meals at stated periods of the best dry hay. The reason of this is obvious enough to almost every understanding. Grass, as well as all other herbacious food of either man or brute—exercise the best skill and judgment we are possessed of in curing it for winter keeping—invariably loses a considerable per centum of its meat, and milk, and muscle-making elements. All cattle will fall off in flesh if taken at any time from fair pasturage and put on a diet of dry hay—a cow in milk falls off rapidly both in flesh and milk under such a regimen.

Then there are some—but a long way in the minority yet—who have learned to a certainty that the nearer green feed comes to frost, so that the life is not actually frozen out of it, the sweeter and more nutritious it is. Enough farmers may readily learn this simple fact to make the late pasturing party a very large majority, by observing through a single season as critically as we have done for fifteen or more, the grazing habits of all herbiferous animals. They will find horses, horned stock, sheep, etc., invariably grazing closer to the ground very late in the season than they do during all the warm weather portion of the pasturing season. The reason is, they find the grass quite close to the ground sweeter and more palatable than it is during the warm season. It may be that instinct teaches them that there is more nutriment in this late grown grass than there is in the ranker, more rapid warm weather growth; but not knowing how near brute instinct may approach human reason in this case, we are not going to make that question a point of argument in favor of late pasturing. But we are going to argue that it is better, both for the grazer and grass, to pasture up as near to the winter frost line as cattle can find green blades to crop.

As all our meadow and pasture grasses possess a dual character, having perrennial roots and an annual above ground growth, it follows that all blades and stems of any considerable growth are killed down to pretty near the surface by winter frost, and the dead portion must be thrown off, or in some manner be got rid of before new blades and stems can shoot up vigorously in the spring. Many a fair pasture is held back most provokingly through many days of fair spring weather, because of a superabundance of dead growth clinging like an incubus to the roots, and preventing the new blades from getting up and developing themselves into food.

Having observed for four seasons consecutively that where pastures were cropped down the closest, and latest in the fall, they sprang up earliest, greenest, and most vigorous in the spring, we set about experimenting something more decisively. To this end we went into a meadow late in November, where the grass at a guess would average a foot in height, and with a sharp scythe mowed as close to the ground as we could shave, patches varying from ten feet to twenty yards across; and in the spring these shaven patches, without an exception, gave good, thick, green pasturage some ten days earlier than the unshaven portions of the field, where the grass was obliged to get off by a tedious process the dead and dried up growth of the previous year before it was able to make much of a show of new meadow.

The Indians know that unless they set fire to and burn off the dead mass of summer's growth from the face of the prairies of the great West, there will be little growth, and late buffalo hunting on the following spring. We know too that no sort of fruit or ornamental tree or shrub is ever going to give a satisfactory account of itself having three or four great dead branches to support. So we lop them off, and the parent lives and thrives again. So with our meadows and pastures. If we will graze them down close, as late in the season as the frost will permit stock to get a satisfactory bite, the probability is we should have as a rule a good deal earlier and better pasturage and meadows.

Of course we are not going to advise the keeping out late, and starving stock in scanty pasturage, till in sheer hunger the poor brutes bite into the very ground, leaving the roots exposed and liable to be frozen to death. There is reason in all things—nearly—reason in late pasturage. Let the herd crop as long as they will on late green grass. But don't starve them down to unreasonable close shaving. Give them other food—so much as they will readily eat, leaving the time for them to come in from grass entirely, altogether to their own instinct.

"Holing Out."

That's what our farmer friend from Maryland called it—burying potatoes and other root crops in "holes"—more properly in hills or heaps, out doors. So we were having an argument on "holing out"—three of us—on last Saturday, coming up from "down country" by rail, in the afternoon train. We all agreed that where cellar-room was insufficient, *holing out* all sorts of root crops was the next best practice, so that it was properly done. Upon that point we differed. There were three most proper plans if our individual opinions were equally judicious. Mr. Marylander said, ten, twenty, a hundred, five hundred, if you have so many bushels; if not all you have, in one heap—saves work and keep just as well. Friend Dover of Delaware, a good farmer and capital "truck" man, thought fifty bushels in a pile, with a six inch straw jacket, and earthen overcoat about ten inches thick, was the proper practice. We believed in twelve to twenty bushels in a heap—no straw, and twelve inches of earth as a winter covering.

So we went on arguing in three different directions till the train "slowed" in its approach to a small way station, and we had a fair, leisure look at a truck and potato patch skirting the road-side, and in it we saw more than sixty hillock of "holed out" roots—and more than that we saw. From the apex of every hillock pointed vertically a wisp of straw, looking very like scalp locks on the shaven polls of so many Sioux warriors. We were unanimous in the opinion that the man who "*holed* out" roots in that manner was nearer a Sioux himself than a Solomon, and we were going to educate him better if we got left in the attempt. Well, that was the first thing we did do—got left. The train went its way and we ours. We were glad of it in less than an hour. We found a warm welcome, though entire strangers, and the proprietor of that "truck patch" wasn't a mite of a savage; though he didn't know how to hole out potatoes, and turnips, and things, to have them keep well.

When we inquired how long he had practiced holing out roots in that way, he said "Always," and when we asked him what proportion he lost by rotting, he guessed about two bushels to every ten. His wife, an amiable, sensible woman, guessed it was nearer four; and we wondered how he had secured sound two bushels to every ten, with a hole right in the top of the heap that was as big as a man's leg, stuffed with a loose wisp of straw, letting in all the water that fell. And when we told him how we saved all our holed out roots, by a ventilating pipe in the side instead of on top, as described lately in The Post, he said—"Yes!" he could see how that did it—never thought of it before though. He was going to fix 'em that way and shut up those head holes, promising that before Monday night every heap should have a drain tile inclining downwards inserted in the side.

Then he insisted upon our remaining over night and over Sunday, and we did, and besides a great deal of welcome and good cheer, we got as much good reliable information from that man who didn't know how to "hole out" potatoes, as was worth missing ten trains for.

Gathered Grains.

—— It is said that Gen. Gideon Pillow has produced the present year on all his plantations, thirty thousand bales of cotton. If cotton will make a comfortable *Pillow*, Gen. Gideon ought to rest easonably the remainder of his life.

——Making an average of the markets all round, and Wilmington, Delaware, only twenty-eight miles distant, will permit a family to live about sixteen per cent. cheaper than can be done in the same style in Philadelphia. It's the "shinners," hucksters and middle men that are swindling us. Why can't we all turn in with the farmers and abate the nuisance?

—— Pigs are plentier over all our last week's route than they have been any time since 1861. And better pigs, and cheaper. Not a "*spirallis*" about them either, except their tails. No hog cholera our way that we have heard of—not a case.

—— In Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware, there are fully twelve per cent. more cows that will come in during the winter with calves and buckets full of milk, than there were last year this time. Cows, and calves, butter, and milk, will all come down within our reach again one of these days.

RECEIPTS.

Flemish Soup.—Slice six onions, six heads of celery and a dozen potatoes into small pieces; then put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter and half a pint of water; set on a stove or the side of the fire to simmer for an hour; when done sufficiently, add good beef or veal stock, so as to fill the stewpan, or enough to give it a good flavor. Boil gently until the potatoes become quite soft; then rub through a sieve; add half a pint of boiled cream or some good thick white sauce to it and serve hot.

Puddings.—To save two eggs in a tapioca pudding, use a piled teaspoonful of corn flour, or arrowroot instead. Tapioca will not dissolve in milk,—wash it in cold water three times; then with a very little *cold* water put it in the oven, and when it looks a little *clear*, which will be in a few minutes, rub in the arrowroot or flour; then add the milk by degrees. Corn-flour and arrowroot puddings want no eggs; the former is better to be boiled; the latter, after first mixing like starch, should be *set* with boiling milk.

Whole rice requires no eggs; it is to be washed in *boiling* water three times, be put into a dish and mixed with sugar and nutmeg, the milk be poured on, a very little butter be put on the centre, and then be baked slowly for three hours.

All milk puddings should have two or three *pinches* of butter on the top, to prevent the milk from burning.

Wash currants and raisins in *warm water*, and let them dry, *so that they will not stick together*, before using.

Sultana raisins are better for all puddings than any other kind. The raisins which are stoned generally have the richest part taken out with the stones, leaving an indigestible mass of skins to be eaten. Only remember that whatever quantity of Sultana raisins are used, the one half must be *chopped* before using.

Currants frequently disagree with weak digestions, and should be sparingly if ever eaten.

The oil contained in lemon or orange, and spices, seldom digest readily.

Eggs are not needed in fritters, neither are they in Christmas plum-puddings.

Excellent fritters are thus made:—Take eight ounces of flour and some nutmeg, and mix with it a quarter of a pound of sugar. Take a quarter of a pint of new ale (not bitter,) and mix it with a pint and a half of milk; make it into a smooth batter and *strain it*; let it *stand* two hours before using. Cut up some apples into slices, the *size* of a shilling, and a quarter of an inch thick; do not mix them with the batter. Take a small teacup, fill it a quarter full with batter, put in two or three pieces of apple, then pour it gently into a clean frying-pan half full of boiling lard, bacon fat, or dripping; *a fritter should not be turned, the boiling fat should cover it and make it brown.* When it is so, remove it with a perforated egg-drainer on to clean paper. These fritters should be sent to table on a sheet of ornamented paper, and then be covered with sifted white sugar, and served with cut lemons on glass, china saucers, or plates.

All frying should be done in boiling fat of whatever kind; if it be only hot and not boiling, the articles stick to the pan, and look white or dirty.

Welsh Rarebit.—Cut a pound of cheese in slices a quarter of an inch thick; put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a small frying pan. Lay in the cheese, cook it about five minutes, and add two eggs well beaten, a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard, add a little pepper. Stir it up; have ready some slices of buttered toast; turn the cheese over it, and send it to table very hot. It is also very good cooked without the eggs.

Indian Meal Puffs.—Into one quart of boiling milk stir eight spoonfuls of Indian meal and four spoonsfuls of sugar; boil five minutes, stirring constantly; when cool, add six well beaten eggs. Bake in buttered cups half an hour.

Corn Griddle Cakes.—Turn three pints of scalding milk to one quart of meal and four tablespoons flour; when milkwarm add four eggs and a little salt. Bake on a griddle. If too thick, put in another egg and a little milk.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 4, 15, 27, 17, 4, 38, 17, 23, 16, 24, 30, is a town in Ireland.
My 5, 36, 35, 33, 21, 19, is a river in Indiana.
My 1, 7, 15, 16, 29, 25, 23, 37, is a cape on the coast of the United States.
My 3, 17, 22, 12, 17, 37, 18, 9, 15, 15, is a town in Delaware.
My 11, 36, 26, 8, 2, 30, is a town in Maine.
My 28, 14, 34, 31, 21, 20, 2, 5, 15, is a town in Michigan.
My 27, 8, 36, 10, is a territory.
My 32, 29, 37, 4, 9, 2, 37, is a town in Texas.
My whole is a line of Shakspeare much admired for its beauty.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Transposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

By the process of transposition and omission I am made to assume a variety of different shapes and characters.

The following are instances:—My first change exposes my head; then, in order appear, the bygone days; an Irishman's name; a gentle creature; a plant; a serpent; a juice; a collection; a degree; a spile; a foreign plant; and lastly, a cardinal point of the compass.

Entire, I am an adhesive mixture.

Steelen, Ind. JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in corn, but not in hay,
My 2nd is in night, but not in day;
My 3rd is in brandy, but not in rum,
My 4th is in finger, but not in thumb;
My 5th is in arrow, but not in bow,
My 6th is in rain, but not in snow;
My 7th is in March, but not in June,
My 8th is in knife, but not in spoon;
My 9th is in wheat, but not in rye,
My 10th is in sell, but not in buy;
My 11th is in love, but not in hate,
My 12th is in soon, but not in late;
My whole is a place much frequented by fashionable society. CHRISTINE.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a level plane, and perpendicular to it, there stands a cylindric tower 60 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter, to the edge of the top of which is fastened a rope 200 feet long. Required—the distance a person will travel while winding the rope on the tower, keeping it stretched tightly all the time, and the end 4 feet from the ground; and the nature of the *curve* he will describe. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A train of 40 tons ascends a railway gradient rising 2 feet in 100, with a uniform speed of 15 miles per hour. Required—the horse power of the locomotive engine, the friction being 7 pounds per ton. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Charles Brown being the owner of a four-sided tract of land, built himself a house thereon at the distance of 38 perches from the middle of the most eastern side; 50 perches from the middle of the most southern side; 70 perches from the middle of the most western side; and 62 perches from the middle of the most northern side. From these datas I wish to know the area of the said tract of land. DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What lot is very earnest? Ans.—*Zealot.*

☞ Name a maritime lot? Ans.—*Pilot.*

☞ What lot was unfortunate among the Spartans? Ans.—*Helot.*

☞ What lot distributes? Ans.—*Allot.*

☞ What lot is sacred to the Hindoos? Ans.—*Lotus.*

☞ What lot is a lot of lots? Ans.—*Lottery.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The American Watch Company. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A rainy day. ENIGMA—Mechanics. CHARADE—Tomahawk (Tom—a—hawk.)

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Oct. 13th—The team must be driven 20.42 feet; the curve is the "Tractrix." Artemas Martin.

Answer to W. D. Foulke's PROBLEM of same date—The respective shares of the plums are: A's $\frac{42857}{430080}$, B's $\frac{61117}{430080}$, C's $\frac{130738}{430080}$, D's $\frac{130834}{430080}$, and E's $\frac{58034}{430080}$. J. H. Soders. Whole number of plums 26,860. A's share 2,863, B's share 6 335, C's share 2,438, D's share 10,294, E's share 4,950. S. Marelda Smith.

A Good Nurseryman.—At a Denver dinner party, the other day, where Salt Lake peaches and grapes formed prominent articles of the dessert, the conversation naturally turned upon the fruits of that region. Various opinions were expressed, and finally one to the effect that Brigham Young was the best fruit gardener in the United States. A lady responded: "He certainly ought to be, since, from all accounts, he has the most extensive nursery in the world."

☞ Among the wealthy oil men of Pennsylvania is old John Bennehoff, whose income, estimated from the present production of his oil farm, is not less than $500,000 per year. He still lives in his antiquated Dutch homestead, near the head of Bennehoff Run.